FILE

THE LIVING AGE

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The World in Review

In This Number:

Modern Pariah: The Neutral Ship — *Wythe Williams*

Up Periscope! — *Martin Niemöller*

Union Now or Never — *Clarence K. Streit*

Wilhelmina of the Netherlands — *William Parker*

It's England's War — *Rudolf Kircher*

Night Before Christmas (A Story) — *Leon Bryce Bloch*

Finns Are Ready — *Jean Bories*

Meet the Smiths of Shanghai — *Grace Gould*

The World Over — The American Scene — Letters and the Arts
Books Abroad — Notes and Comments — Miscellany

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Letters to the Editors

The columns of THE LIVING AGE *are open to selected letters from readers, who are asked to limit communications to 250 words or less.*

A Doctor Looks at Sterilization

SIR: I read with much interest the symposium on human sterilization appearing in the October number of THE LIVING AGE, as well as a letter by Dr. J. H. Landman in the November issue. A eugenics program, positive (increasing the number of intellectuals) and negative (reducing the number of social inadequates) is desirable.

There is much in Mr. Landman's letter to commend, but some of his fears are not well founded. His statement that it will take one thousand years to eradicate the dysgenic by sterilization is not borne out by a study of the subject. Various students of this subject have stated that by a reasonable program of sterilization degeneracy could be reduced from 50 to 15 per cent each generation, the average being 33⅓. If so, a few generations would see a very material reduction.

Mr. Landman asks what to do with the normal appearing people who are latent carriers of the gene of defectiveness. These people furnish our greatest problem. If and when we can clearly and dispassionately look facts in the face and see them through to a successful conclusion, we will realize that these latent hereditary carriers should be sterilized as well as the most evident cases. This will not be a punishment, but a protection to the individual, to posterity, and to society. If these people are intelligent they will not oppose, but favor such measures, for no intelligent person wants degenerate offspring.

Popenoe and Gosney, in a report on twenty-nine years of sterilization in California, states that the best friends of sterilization are the families of patients, and the patients themselves who have been sterilized, who know the tragedy of degeneracy in their own families, and what it means to be relieved of such tragedy. The oft repeated fear that sterilization would deprive society of the talent of such people as Beethoven, Kant, and Schiller, is well answered by Mr. Landman when he asks if

(*Continued on page 399*)

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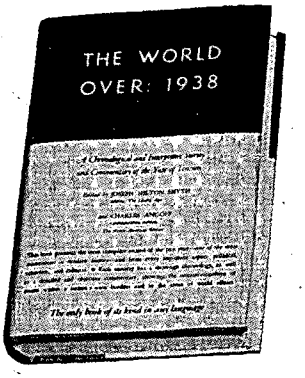
Time Takes a Holiday!

in THE WORLD OVER: 1939



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THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

THIS is the ninety-fifth Christmas issue of *The Living Age*, which set up shop in 1844. In that span its pages have described a great deal of war abroad in the world. Back files in which yellowing pages when turned now crackle like rifle-fire tell in the present tense of the miseries of the Revolution in Germany, the fratricide of the Civil War, of Frenchmen eating the inmates of the zoo in besieged Paris, of 266 sailors blown into the Caribbean from the *Maine*, of the Balkan opera-bouffe conflicts, and the mass slaughter of the World War. The chief grain of comfort in rereading these *Living Age* war-accounts lies in their one point in common: the wars all ended.

WYTHE WILLIAMS has become known in recent years for his beats on underground events in Germany, obtained incredibly by long distance from New York. Long time European correspondent for the *New York Times*, *Collier's*, the London *Daily Mail* and other newspapers, he was assigned to the Western front with the Allied Armies from the first to the last day of the World War. In his article 'Modern Pariah: The Neutral Ship,' he takes readers on a hypothetical trip in a neutral vessel loaded with a contraband cargo, and reveals some of the contradictions that result from the blockade. [p. 309]

IT IS no Sunday school picnic for newspapermen trying to get into Germany, but Swiss journalists are better off than others because they can, or at least could until recently, shuttle across the border with less likelihood of arrest. The author of the article 'Discontent in the Land' sums up some of his impressions during his last visit to the Reich in wartime. [p. 313]

Rudolph Kircher, author of 'It's England's War,' was a staff member of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* long before Hitler came to power. With a few others, he remained and today is editor. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* always has been the best German newspaper, much more outspoken than others in a country where the press is rigidly controlled. Whoever reads between the lines of this article, which sums up Hitler's argument, will notice the deep concern lest the war begin in earnest. [p. 315]

AS THE *New York Times* correspondent at Geneva for ten years, Clarence K. Streit had an opportunity to observe at close range the activities and the ultimate failure of the League of Nations. Many journalists in such key posts sit down at some time in their lives and write their personal histories. But Clarence Streit, at forty-two, was not satisfied with writing reminiscences; instead he evolved a blue-print for world peace—when that peace comes. Once the nations are ready to meet around a conference table, Mr. Streit's plan for *Union Now* stands an excellent chance of becoming the fundamental plan for discussion. The chief points of the plan, *Union Now* (Harper & Brothers), begin on p. 318.

IN THIS war (and so many nations before its outbreak were swamped with thousands of refugees), the new problem of what to do with the aliens of the enemy countries takes on gigantic proportions. In 'Aliens at Bow Street,' a writer visits London police headquarters where German aliens must register. [p. 324]

The 'Warfare by Leaflet' waged by the British has a certain nuisance value, but so far it has failed to impress the enemy. Germans have ridiculed the campaign, while in England it has provoked a controversy in the press. It has been argued

(*Continued on page 400*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

December 1939 *Volume 357, Number 4479*

The World Over

WITH the air full of propagandist venom, with two enormous armies awaiting the zero hour to decimate each other, with millions of civilians glued to their gas masks, Christmas approaches. Fortunate, indeed, is the small child who hangs his stocking in the fond hope that Santa Claus will come during the dark of the night and fulfill his heart's desire.

The rest of us, disillusioned somewhat by the resistance of the rulers of men to Christian culture, either grow cynical and add another fagot of self-seeking to the growing conflagration, or softly ask the satisfaction of our needs and then set out to help fight the fire. And there is much that the individual can do to help reëstablish a decent code of behavior between nations.

Our forefathers obeyed canons of ethics that had been evolved by the race over many centuries. It is not pertinent whether those ethics were evolved through revelation or man's ingenuity, though it appears more and more reasonable to support revelation. After some fifty years of attack, the props of that system of ethics were knocked from under the feet of millions. The final assault, in this country, was the 'Revolt of Youth' which reached its climax in the 'teens of this century. This was not a revolt against any one thing, except perhaps our ancestors, but against all established things. The great cry then was, 'I refuse to be labeled.' Socialists began objecting to being called Socialists on the ground that it limited them; people began reading Emerson and Walt Whitman at last, and misunderstanding them completely; Christians suddenly began playing at being atheists in public and often counting their beads in private.

The point is that the whole move-

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ment of revolt had no sound reason for being, and in addition ran itself into the world's most asinine display of *reductio ad absurdum*. But while the effects in this country were less than catastrophic, they are coming home to roost in Europe today.

They Rise to Plague Us

SO MANY things have rocked the world since 1920 that most of us survivors have forgotten, if we ever knew of, the existence of the World War secret treaties. When they were revealed by Trotski, then war commissar of Soviet Russia, these world-shakers dented the nonchalance of even the highly resilient Mr. Lloyd George, one of their authors. The treaties were negotiated long before the Armistice, and Messrs Lloyd George and Clemenceau at Versailles regarded them as binding between themselves although they noisily supported the first of the Wilsonian Four-

teen Points calling for 'open covenants openly arrived at, after which diplomacy shall proceed frankly and in the public view.'

These agreements numbered six. They provided in part for tacit British support of annexation of Constantinople and the Dardanelles by Russia; French support of any frontier Russia wanted in Germany if not too close to the Rhine, in return for which Russia would guarantee the return to France of Alsace-Lorraine; a Russian-Japanese commitment to keep all other nations out of China; and an Anglo-French pledge to reward Italy handsomely by vast areas of superb sand in Africa.

So far as Britain, France and Russia were concerned, they had Versailles written and adopted as early as 1917. And these secret treaties exercised a tremendous influence on the pact eventually adopted. The Versailles Treaty makes instructive rereading, but inevitably one finishes its fifteen parts with the robust suspicion that another set of secret treaties may be occupying certain shortsighted minds today in Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay.

Hot Europe

THE temperature of the world is getting hotter, Mr. Joseph C. Kincer of the United States Weather Bureau, at Washington, reports. Many of us, following the news of wars all over the world, have been aware of the fact for some time now. But it is encouraging to have our lay suppositions backed by scientific authentication.

In the light of that information, however, it is difficult to understand what boon will be conferred on man by the great effort being expended by engineers at M.I.T., in Cambridge, Mass., designed to 'store' the heat of the sun for use during cold periods.

We have always felt, though, that

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mother science is far too complex a witch for our simple capacities, and had best be left completely alone. Perhaps sometime our most fervent wish will come to fruition. When that day arrives, the old harridan will get completely out of hand and turn on her human tormentors.

Deus Ex Machina

THE attempted liquidation of Herr Hitler at the Munich Beer Hall suggested to many Americans the possibility of a movement in Germany akin to the old Nihilist phalanx in Czarist Russia. Nothing, it seems to us, could be further from the truth. To anyone familiar with Germany, or the German character, such *unordentliche* procedure must be ruled out at the start. In Germany, even upstarts must have credentials to prove their unworthiness, as Heine so aptly demonstrated in his *Harzreise*.

To those who know the roots and motivations of events along the Rhine, some simple implications are apparent. The key to the bombing, they are aware, lies in the welter of conflicting opposition groups now functioning in the German domain. For all of these groups are constantly plotting *coups*. Mr. Otto D. Tolischus, the New York *Times* correspondent in Berlin, furnishes us with an admirable roster of those groups. He lists: irreconcilable Communists, Black Frontists (Nazi left wingers, under Otto Strasser), disaffected Nazi Party members, and members of various religious bodies.

This list, like almost all others, omits the prize of the repertoire, the catalytic agent of the brew, that eminent gentleman, Herr Heinrich Himmler. It is Herr Himmler who, while refraining from any overt act, pulls the strings that make the puppets move. Not that he gives aid and counsel to the enemy. Oh, no. The Teutonic Mr. Moto works in far more subtle and wondrous ways.

First we must understand Herr Himmler's motives before we can comprehend his activities. This esteemed gentleman, head of the German secret police, is Hitler's most important official; it is through him that the Führer makes his decree stick. But Herr Himmler is ambitious, overweeningly ambitious, and plays Antony to his modern Caesar, or perhaps it may be Cassius. In any event, the Gestapo chief basks in reflected glory. Before he came into office he was an innocuous yearner, but, it seems to us, he has developed into a full-fledged climber. In short, all our information seems to indicate that Herr Himmler is at odds with two conditions, first that he is not ruler of Germany and second that Göring, and not he, is the crown prince.

On the other hand, Herr Himmler has a well-developed sense of order. Anarchy or chaos offend him, even as philosophic concepts. So he goes about his appointed task of keeping order. Certain irregularities are winked at, however. His agents could not have been completely unaware of the Munich plot. Subsequent investigations have proved that it was carefully conceived, skillfully and professionally executed, and that it required the plot-

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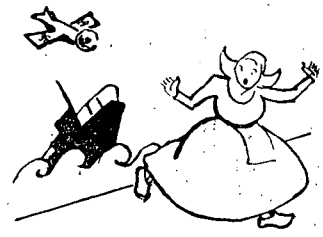
ting (to say nothing of the actual work) of many individuals. It appears they must have been drawn from a variety of crafts and sciences. Such individuals are not floating unnoticed on the *Spree*.

Herr Himmler has much to gain from his peculiar course of allowing certain plots to flourish. If the plot fails, his department apprehends and punishes the culprits or suspects, and as this is now done without benefit of trial there can be no breath of scandal to touch his hem. If and when one plot succeeds, however, as it must sooner or later, Herr Himmler will be standing by, with his Gestapo ready, to seize the fruits of victory.

Headache in Holland

GERMAN submarine bases along the coast of Holland and airfields on The Netherlands territory, as springboards for attacks upon Britain, have appeared so obviously desirable from the Reich's side of the Western front that we armchair strategists have wondered why Hitler didn't steal our idea weeks ago, and invade Holland at the outset of war. Surely nothing so irrelevant as treaties of friendship between The Hague and Berlin caused the Germans to hesitate, everyone argued, since they showed no compunction in the case of Belgium in 1914, not any tender regard in 1938 and 1939 for the frontiers of Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Lithuania and Poland. Why didn't they push to the Dutch coast on the North Sea, particularly with winter approaching to halt offensive plans on the Western front?

But it appears, as often happens, we irregular tacticians were not to cry in the wilderness for long. First, shortening by about 100 miles the raiding distance to Britain is inconsequential to modern bombers, the professional tacticians now insist. Second, Britain could blow any German submarine bases on the Dutch coast sky-high with naval shells. Third, the moral cost to the Germans of an invasion of The Netherlands is said to be cutting into the Führer's sleep, since it might destroy the veneer of neutrality professed by the Scandinavian Powers, including a restive Finland. Fourth, The Netherlands' basic weapon of defense, rapid inundation of at least one-fourth of the country, would sire several problem children for the Reichswehr division of transport.



Nor are these all the factors that were weighed when pressure for the Dutch thrust was greatest—much of that pressure, it has been said, exerted by the onetime corporal become chancellor. Most people regard the Maginot Line as extending roughly north and south, paralleling an equivalent German wall. But above Strasbourg the French fortifications turn sharply northwest and extend to the Dover Straits. In any attempt to penetrate France by way of Holland and Belgium, the Germans again must face another segment of the Maginot Line. Militarily speaking, any German move to reach Paris from the north is not a flanking operation in any sense comparable to that launched early in the World War. It may be an

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easier approach to Paris, even despite the braking effect of the Dutch and Belgian resistance, but it is not a flanking operation, and the armchair fraternity had better implement itself with some other impressive word.

Japan Meets Mr. Grew

WITHDRAWAL of British and French troops from China left the United States as the 'last guardian of Western civilization' in Asia, in the view of the French Foreign Office pronounced after the reduction of garrisons in Peking and Tientsin. The French move was made public the day following the British action removing armed forces from North China 'for reasons of military convenience.' But it was pointed out in Shanghai that the combined British and French forces of North China were less than 2,000 men, and that such a transfer was devoid of military significance in the European war.

It was more significant to note that Japan's interpretation to the troop removals was, as the newspaper *Yomiuri* inferred, that it was made as a 'friendly gesture toward Japan.' Unfortunately for the *Yomiuri* editor, Downing Street promptly denied that the withdrawal had any political implications whatever. Nevertheless, both Britain and France declared that they were not selling China down the river.

As outlined by Ambassador Grew, the United States' attitude was not one of threats, but he pointed out that when the next session of Congress convenes in January, before the expiration of the present Japanese-American commercial treaty — cancelled by President Roosevelt — there might be demands for an embargo on American exports to Japan, if relations were not improved. It had been the impression in Japan that the Americans were taking an anti-Japanese attitude 'because they had been misled by Chinese and Communist propaganda,' but Ambassador Grew said that this was not true and that injuries to Americans in China, as well as interference of America's 'rights and interests,' had aroused ill feeling in the United States, quite apart from Japan's violation of the Nine-Power Pact of 1922. As the Americans have been led to understand the term, 'A New Order in East Asia' means peace, security and prosperity, said Mr. Grew,

Next Month

DEATH THROES OF WORLD SOCIAL SYSTEMS
Charles A. Beard

Dr. Beard sees the peoples under Fascism, Communism, Democracy and derivative systems all assailed by doubts and by a growing realization that man cannot be governed by test-tube criteria.

CALIFORNIA FACES TOTALITARIANISM
Walter C. Frame

A lawyer weighs the news behind the news in the Golden State, and warns of an imminent breakdown in its democratic system.

VON BRAUCHITSCH: HITLER'S SUCCESSOR
Kurt Grossmann

MONEY RULES THE COURTS
Mayer C. Goldman

WOMEN REFORM INDIA
Kamaladevi Chattojodhyaya

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and such a condition for East Asia 'has the full support and approval of America.' By this he inferred that Japan had never made clear what was meant by the 'New Order.' This is partly true. But the American press has disregarded Japan's work.

For example, the Yellow River, known for centuries as 'China's sorrow' because of the flood and famine that it causes nearly every year, is being controlled by the Japanese. The river, which rises in Tibet and flows for more than 2,000 miles to the sea, has never been bridled after the methods proposed by the great Chinese engineer Li Ping, who more than 2,100 years ago repeatedly warned the people and rulers of China to 'dig the river channels deep and keep the dikes low.' His advice was ignored and the stream has carried its huge load of silt down to the North China plain on which more than 80,000,000 people live, and who in a good year are only just able to grub a living from the cultivatable area. But today tens of thousands of the plains' inhabitants are constructing new and greater dikes, and the farmers for the first time are benefiting from the curbing of the stream. This is part of the 'New Order.'

It is these farmers who are reported disposed to support Wang Ching-wei, who is soon, according to Japanese plans, to assume leadership of a new Central Chinese Government pledged to ambitious schemes for the rebuilding of ancient China. One aspect of the 'New Order' seldom mentioned, and which is an example of what is planned, is the construction of the $50,000,000 hydro-electric works on the Sungari River in Manchukuo, which, when completed, will back up a body of water larger than Boulder Lake in Nevada. Already electric wires are being strung over Western Manchuria and into Inner Mongolia, where electric lights will replace the butter-fat lamps of the Mongols, and provide power to build up the industries beginning to establish themselves in that area.

THAT the Japanese people appreciate the new difficulties underlying their relations with the United States is suggested by the creation a few weeks ago of a body appropriately and delightfully named the 'American Problem Council.' If the United States and Japan fail to come to an agreement which our Congress will approve, the loss to both sides will be considerable: next to Britain, Japan is the biggest buyer of American-made goods, and our purchases from Japan are enormous. In the absence of a substitute treaty, sanctions of an acute nature might be imposed by both parties. It is foreseen that the United States may, in the aforesaid eventuality, impose an additional 10 per cent duty on goods imported in Japanese ships, and that this Government has also weighed the imposition of a lighthouse-tax on Japanese ships of 50 cents per ton, a substantial item.

In reprisal, the Japanese would do their utmost to suppress altogether the activities of American firms in China, as well as in Japan, and their utmost would be considerable. In taking cognizance of the 'non-treaty' situation by the creation of an American Problem Council, Japanese organizations are admirably facing the realities. We might do well at Washington to set up a Japanese Problem Council before diplomats on both sides become lost in the obscurantism that is their stock in trade.

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Lullabies for War Babies

THE din of invective has become so loud in the world that the early twentieth-century variety of diatribe is drowned out. But above the shouting and the tumult in Europe there arise the dulcet notes of two symphonic discords. These unmusical honies issue from Berlin and Moscow.

Entry for top honors in this bizarre competition for the Grand Prix in Intellectual Vacuity appeared recently on the front page of *the Börsen Zeitung*. This is the newspaper from which many good Berliners receive their regular dosages of official pap. We reprint the little item so that you may include it among your curiosa.

From the east the Pole swept enraged with bloody hands against Germany's frontiers.

Hastily we drew the sword. It glistened in the sun.

Hard was the blow. The Pole sank to his knees.

We sang our victory and wiped the sword's jagged blade with hardened hand.

Then we turned and our eyes sought the goal which lifted itself across the sea: England!

Now we stand ready and wait. Thick lies the fog over the sea. We do not know what comes.

We hope only one thing: that our faithful sword will never fail us.

Let that monster across the sea toil with rage. Let it blow its poisonous breath from its nostrils.

We are ready to fight.

England!

We charge forward. Spread your claws.

We charge forward even before you have struck the first blow.

England!

We stand here and are ready.

Closely crowding the German entry is a manifesto of the Executive Committee of the Communist International, meeting in Moscow on the 22nd anniversary of the 'Great October Revolution November 7.' This is a list of 'slogans.' Most of them are negative though there are a few positive recommendations, all of which have been in effect in the United States for a great many years. We don't feel that this broadside is aimed at us, but we imagine that the last slogan of the lot will injure the dignity of the American workingman, who we feel is loath to claim Russia as his fatherland.

The slogans:

Down with the imperialist war!

Down with capitalist reaction!

Down with the instigators of war, the profiteers and the freebooters!

No support for the policy of the ruling classes directed toward continuation and spread of the imperialist slaughter!

Demand the immediate cessation of the predatory, unjust, imperialist war!

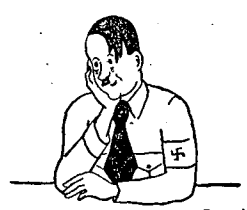
Peace to the peoples!

Bread, rights and freedom for the working people!

Long live the fraternal alliance of the workers of the entire world!

Long live the U.S.S.R., the bulwark of peace, freedom and Socialism, the fatherland of the working people of all lands.

Is it possible that Berlin and Moscow are peeping at each other?



Punch

I wonder how Charles Laughton will play me!

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THERE in the village they are big with Christmas already.
The thought of it is in their bellies like a star in a cloud.
They know it near, they trudge through time's mire with a tread
made grander, they march with the gait of kings to a feast,
they have read the signs. But though the new-born lambs are loud
on the frozen downs, not there their lamb lies;
the shepherd's wavering lantern to their eyes
dot-dashes no hint, no horizon holds their east.

Their advent is accomplished in the grocer's window.
O Sapience, disposing those ranks of strong and of sweet!
O ruddy Adonai of crackers in tinsel,
O Root of ginger, O Key in the painted box
of fancy biscuits, opener of sardines and potted meat!
O Orient of dates and figs, O King and resort
of desiring, three and sixpenny bottle of port,
O looked-for Good-Things-With-Us of the hungry flocks!

Ward and gift of time, hope heavenly and hireling,
their star hangs low, courteous to torn apron and clout.
The children lick their breath from the pane to admire
the glory glazed from touch, the women sum
with diligent dry lips pattering devout
the ninepences and shillings and two and eleven threes.
The opening door tinkles every heart to its knees,
in darkness adoring the Christmas dinner to come.

And he, the old shepherd, dying in the infirmary,
if his cancer live till then, will keep Christmas too.
His bed will have holly tied to it, the cottonwool ermine
will loom and deposit an orange, amid creaking of shoes
and clatter of plates he will be made partaker in the due
spirit of Christmas. Strange, then, and distanced as a dream
those former vigiling Christmastides will seem,
in the rustling sheepfold, tending the anxious ewes.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner,
The Countryman, London

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A well-known editor charters the course of a neutral ship and its dangerous cargo.

Modern Pariah: The Neutral Ship

By Wythe Williams

THE saga of a contraband cargo in this modern war of attrition, diplomacy, blockades, nerves, or what have you, besides fighting, begins far back in the hinterlands, long before it reaches the hold of the vessel destined to convey it to the battle fronts, the prize courts or to Davey Jones locker. From the moment a war order is placed or a contract let, the matter becomes one of intense interest to myriad busy persons, secret agents of foreign powers. Throughout the fabrication and packing for shipment of the contraband in question, it is kept under as close surveillance as possible. Of particular interest to these agents are the dates of shipment, railway routings and ports of embarkation.

Some part of this voluminous mass of detailed information undoubtedly gets through to principals in foreign capitals. Much more probably fails to reach its intended destination. But one small item may be enough to account for one of those laconic flashes on the news tickers, 'Neutral vessel torpedoed.'

For simplicity let us take the case of a specimen cargo, made up perhaps of airplanes from California, motor parts from Detroit, woolens from New England and miscellaneous machinery from the Middle West. It might make more interesting reading if we could load these on the *City of Flint* and shove off, but there will be no more *Flint* episodes and our contraband carrier must henceforth be a British 'Panaman,' or neutral bottom.

Since the repeal of the arms embargo and for some time before, the numbers and labors of foreign agents in every American port have doubled and redoubled until all our waterfronts are veritable bee-hives of intrigue and espionage. Here the scattered reports from the California airplane factory, the Detroit motor works and the other points of shipment are received and correlated. Capacity, degree of lading and probable sailing date of every ship in port is known with remarkable accuracy. Espionage today is thorough and methodical.

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Our contraband carrier, the good ship *Neutral Trader*, a beamy vessel around 8,000 tons and a speed of 12 knots if pushed, is included in their check lists and doubtless a fairly accurate manifest of her cargo could be drawn up some days before the goods are actually under the hatches.

Our ship being eventually loaded, with the requirements of the neutrality law as to payment and title observed and clearance papers in proper order, she is ready to sail, which she will do with as little ostentation as possible but with the full knowledge of all her enemy observers. Theoretically, *Neutral Trader's* course and destination are known only to her skipper, shippers and consignees, but in actual practice her course will be known only to God and her skipper, with a few helpful hints from the British Admiralty.

These little precautions are taken in order to nullify the ruse developed in the last war, whereby a jobber, say in Holland, might order a consignment of sugar or rubber for delivery in England. The shipper, then, having some inkling of his vessel's whereabouts, a neat ambush could be arranged and another cargo of much-needed supplies kept from reaching the shores of perfidious Albion, with Lloyds of London the ultimate loser.

Variations on this plan involved the actual connivance of the vessel's captain, who might carry off his British cargo to a neutral port, there to be sold and transshipped into blockaded Germany. Transfer of cargoes at sea, although hazardous, was not unknown, as well as replenishment of supplies for sea-raiders, through this plan of ostensible purchase on behalf of Britain.

But the skipper of our *Neutral Trader* is an honest old salt and he and his shell-backed crew go methodically about their business of ferrying their old lugger across the Atlantic. Immediately after leaving the territorial waters of the United States, the *Neutral Trader* comes to some extent under the sheltering wing of the British Navy, with that protection increasing as the vessel draws nearer to the zone of danger.

A Canadian sea-plane, flying low, doubtless will give her the once-over as she passes the Newfoundland coast on the northerly course. The radio transmitter will be sealed except for use in the greatest emergency and a fairly rigid blackout will be observed at night but few other precautions will be taken by the philosophical hardshells in her crew. No more than a routine lookout will be kept, for even if a U-boat or sea-raider should be sighted there would be very little that could be done about it.

II

The *Neutral Trader* is an unarmed merchantman and in speed and maneuverability is no match for either submarine or pocket battleship. If the commander of the submarine is a gentleman of the old school, he will come up and apologize before ordering her people to the boats and the *Neutral Trader* to the bottom with a well placed torpedo or a few shells from the deck guns. Otherwise, a blast amidships may be the first and only warning and the survivors must follow the law of every man for himself.

In no case, if the enemy warship is a submarine, will there be any question of capture as a prize of war. A

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submarine cannot afford the men from its limited complement to put aboard a prize crew, and prize rights, under international law, derive from the old Roman law of '*potestas*' or complete power. A crew from the capturing warship must be placed on board and in full command before the vessel can be considered a maritime prize. Although all nations have their own codes, it is a sad fact that in all modern wars these codes have gone by the board and the Law of Prizes, in most cases, has become the Law of Piracy.

The *Neutral Trader* is loaded to the guards with a cargo that would be considered contraband in any language, but since she is bound for a British port her only danger lies in encountering a German vessel. If her clearance papers read Rotterdam or some Scandinavian port, it would be a different story and the gauntlet of the British Navy as well as a lurking U-boat would be added to her perils.

According to modern usage, it has come to be considered fair practice for a submarine to sink an unarmed merchantman, such as the *Neutral Trader*, only after warning has been given and provision made for the safety of her people. Since this procedure involves the danger of emerging by the submarine for the purpose of signaling or firing a shot across the bows if the merchantman decides to make a run for it, and also the risk of a boarding party to inspect the vessel's papers to determine her status, submarine commanders have come to rely more and more on the swift and silent torpedo as their only warning. The Teutonic code, however, justifies this practice on the ground that the merchantman may be armed, basing their argument on that ancient ruse of sailing ship days, the masking of batteries and the flying of a false flag to lure an opponent into closer quarters.

Our *Neutral Trader* is still forging ahead, top-side of the waters of the North Atlantic. The greatest submarine peril lies ahead but there is still danger from one of those fabulous Flying Dutchmen, the pocket battleships, such as the *Deutschland* or the *Admiral Scheer*, believed to be hovering on the outskirts of the sea-lanes.

With the guns to outshoot any cruiser fast enough to catch them and the speed to outrun any battleship big enough to sink them, the *Deutschland* and her sister ships may yet present one of the major problems for the British Navy to face. Certainly the poor *Neutral Trader* would be outclassed on both counts and there would be nothing for her to do but heave-to at the first signal and without waiting for the shot across the bows, which might be followed by a salvo of shell fire if her skipper were so foolish as to hold his course.

III

It would require only the most cursory inspection of the *Neutral Trader's* holds and papers by the raider's boarding officer to discover her contraband status. Two courses would then be open to the raider's captain. He might conceivably seek to duplicate the case of the *City of Flint* by putting a prize crew on board with the hope of getting through to neutral territorial waters and so into a German port. In this case she could proceed safely enough in the neutral waters under her prize crew, provided her course always was in the direction of her destination, but no neutral

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harbors could be entered except in the gravest emergency and for 24 hours with the permission of the neutral government.

Since the *City of Flint* case proved such an embarrassing fiasco both from the diplomatic and practical points of view, it is more likely that the raider's captain would elect to follow the example of his brother officers on the submarines, and blow the *Neutral Trader* out of the water. In which case, however, he would be compelled, by all principles of international law, to take off her crew or otherwise provide for their safety.

All the while, the *Neutral Trader* has been following certain predetermined courses toward a fixed spot on the chart, on which similar cargo carriers also are converging. Accurate foreknowledge of this rendezvous would be the equivalent of a royal flush in the hand of any U-boat commander, for here the convoy system takes over. As the merchantmen arrive and are formed into groups, swift destroyers take up the task of escorting them through the zone of greatest danger just ahead. Like well trained sheep dogs, they will dash back and forth along the flanks of their charges, firing and dropping depth bombs at the first sight of any suspicious object, until their convoy is through the mine fields and safely anchored behind the harbor booms of a British port.

To round out this outline of the contraband trade we might consider the *Neutral Trader* as having cleared for some Dutch or other neutral port and carrying a cargo which her owners and shippers believe to be perfectly legitimate commerce, although, since practically everything under the sun is now on the contraband lists of one or another belligerent nation, such a belief is difficult to conceive. After her skipper has been barked at by many destroyer captains and ordered on many changing courses, she arrives safely through the danger zone and is again halted by a British naval vessel, to take on a pilot through the mine fields, compulsory, but at the *Neutral Trader's* own expense.

If bound up the English Channel, the *Neutral Trader* probably will be taken into the port of Weymouth for contraband inspection. Here she will languish for days and even weeks in company with a long line of vessels in a similar plight. The radio will be sealed, the fires banked and there will be no lights or shore leave, while her officers wrangle with the British contraband inspectors.

Unless definite proof can be given that the goods are for a neutral country, not to be transshipped to Germany, they will be seized and held for a Prize Court. Receipts are duly given which may be adjudicated in the courts at some distant later date and in case the Prize Court rules in the owner's favor, he may even sue for detention and demurrage. But Prize Courts are partisan bodies, and seized goods almost invariably are condemned and sold at auction. In the good old days of the *Serapis* and the *Bon Homme Richard*, prize money went to the crew of the capturing vessels. Now it is distributed pro-rata throughout the fleet but the owners and shippers see none of it.

The *Neutral Trader* now is free to plod her way up the Channel, with a cheery warning to look out for floating mines and a full realization that the life of a neutral trader is not a prolonged one.

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Tension in Germany is increasing, says this observer; a German editor betrays some of his country's hidden fears.

Germany *in* Suspense

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I. Discontent in the Land

Translated from the *Basler Nachrichten*, Liberal German-Language Daily

(*The following extracts from a carefully argued survey of the internal situation in Germany, written recently by a German-speaking Swiss, are of special interest, since they deal not only with living conditions within the Reich but with the mood of the people and the ideas discussed among those now become less certain of the permanence of Hitler's régime. The writer implies that the National-Socialist ideology is not withstanding the strain of totalitarian warfare.*—The Editors)

WHEN war began in September, the nation was already exhausted by crises and demands for 'maximum efforts,' especially from the industrial worker. On the one hand, the people had for years been 'ideologically' prepared for totalitarian warfare, while on the other, the strain which the gigantic rearmament scheme had imposed upon them had made it clear what they were being led into. The working classes had been talking of the resemblance between the régimes of Communist Russia and Nazi Germany for a considerable time before the non-aggression pact was concluded. There is much anxiety in towns over the prospect of a major war in the West. It is strongly suspected that Nazi party leaders and hosts of officials have seen to their own protection in emergencies, whereas for the public there is only an inadequate number of gas masks and air raid shelters. It has been discovered that Buna, the Nazi rubber substitute, cannot be used for making gas masks and that accordingly the civil population cannot count on proper protection in time of raids.

Bandages for civilian use were scarce before the war began, and Ger-

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mans know full well that while Russia can export oil, she does not produce cotton and rubber. There is a severe shortage of drugs. The shortage of physicians was acute before the war began; and it is now a cause for justified alarm. Efforts are being made in all countries to persuade émigré German, even German-Jewish physicians, to return home on the promise of full return of their confiscated property, but the response has not been spectacular. Soldiers are wearing uniforms of very inferior material, and there is anxiousness in the small communities at the prospect of a winter without fuel.

II

Traffic in Berlin has been reduced to a minimum since most buses are halted for lack of fuel, and replacements by street cars have not been on a sufficient scale. Taxis have become scarce and a great deal of ingenuity is required to find one. It often happens that a cab-driver declares that his gas will not permit a trip, say, way over to the west side. Private automobiles have been withdrawn in large numbers, and pleasure trips by hired cars have been prohibited altogether. There is a constant checking as to whether regulations are observed. On the whole, the streets of Berlin are even more deserted now than on the hottest summer day.

The most serious shortages are of fat, meat and soap. Individual rations are scant and long lines of waiting housewives are found in front of the stores. The black-outs, the difficulty of obtaining sufficient food and clothing, have provoked real fears and depression along the home-front. The war of nerves has by no means ended.

Among opponents of the régime there are vague hopes of a future State without the present mass organization. They think of a more 'personal' rule, of the emergence of the individual. The effect of the Soviet pact on these people has been twofold. Some declare their disgust with all systems of dictatorship, but others have been attracted by the old idea of cooperation between Germany and the East. The old slogans against capitalism—used by both Nazis and Communists in their time—are reappearing. Quite a number of people discuss, in private, the possibility of a synthesis of Communism and National Socialism.

In southern Germany, and to a certain extent in the West, the old federalist sentiment against centralization and Prussianism have been revived, particularly in aristocratic and ecclesiastical circles. In the north, the idea of a Socialist Continental *bloc* against England has found support among officers and Prussian commercial circles. But it is indisputable that in all parts of the country there is resentment at the disregard of fundamental rights, and in the south people are heard to ask why the British did not have 'guts enough' to drop bombs, instead of leaflets, 'to bring this country to its senses.' If there were a complete defeat of Germany, the result would be political chaos and a ready welcome for Russian ideas.

In spite of this, a large percentage of the people is still behind the Nazi régime. Dissatisfaction with the leaders, with the operation of the bureaucracy, has grown with the war but even among those who complain, propaganda still has enormous effects. Many believe that while Great Britain

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must own to most of the war guilt, the Nazis themselves are in second place. There is the birth of opposition movements everywhere, and a great deal of fanaticism must be created to keep these people loyal during a long war.

II. It's England's War

By Rudolph Kircher

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, German National Socialist Daily

How often have we Germans asked ourselves in the past year, Will it be war or peace? And almost always we have answered that it would be peace, for we knew the purpose of the Führer was to eliminate Versailles completely and to create a new order in Central Europe without war. He has succeeded time and again—until now. Foreign affairs were handled in so masterly a manner that even this last intricate knot—the Polish problem—could have been unraveled without a show of arms had not Polish chauvinism, aroused to a high pitch by British and French meddling, made a peaceful solution impossible. Germany had to take up arms against her will.

Thus began the war which Mussolini has called an 'absurd war;' that war between Germany and the Western Powers which could not prevent Poland's defeat. The British Government's fatal commitment to Poland was made in the greatest secrecy and with complete disregard of parliamentary procedure. The Chamberlain Government acted as if eager to force the issue. Probably war would not have come without this action at London, for since Soviet Russia's withdrawal from the British combine, the prospect of war took on a very different complexion for many Englishmen. But the British Government itself deliberately created a situation which automatically led to war. Naturally, millions of Englishmen and Frenchmen hoped for victory and still do—a victory which would once and for all do away with the necessity of recognizing a great and strong Germany. A Versailles, ten times worse than 1918–19, was to follow our submission.

We have been aware of this from the very beginning of the present war. Yet the belligerent movements in the West failed to lead to war. More preparations were needed, the British said. Besides, what about the blockade? And there is always possible a conflict between the German people and their leaders. It is not the first but the last phase of war that counts, it is now said. But what if the first phase makes the final one impossible? Our hands are free in the East. The routes leading to raw materials and foodstuffs are open. Or do the British seriously believe that Germany could fail to solve the purely technical problem of the transportation of these goods? All our forces on the water, and particularly in the air, can be concentrated in the West.

And what are Britain and France fighting for, in the last analysis? The reconstitution of Poland? But the Führer has declared that a new Poland will be created, a Poland ethnically pure, an entity created by Germany

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and Russia, and controlled and guaranteed by these two Powers. Beyond this, he has outlined a new order in Eastern Europe, which undoubtedly would have been regarded as a magnificent project if the idea had originated in France and England. A fight against this new and better order is senseless, for even a defeat of Germany cannot alter or stay it unless the Western Powers were also able to force the Russian giant to its knees. If Germany ceased to exist, then there would still be Russia, and a Russia that is expanding. That is a picture the West might not enjoy.

II

Are England and France really altogether opposed to Germany? Certainly all Englishmen and Frenchmen were opposed to a forcible solution of the Polish question. And they are opposed to the growing power and prestige of one part of the European continent, so big and difficult to master. Certainly many Englishmen and Frenchmen are sworn enemies of National Socialism. But it is less certain whether all Englishmen and Frenchmen want to battle vainly against the reality of the new order.

It is not necessary to pose the question, which side is more powerful and which has the greater chance of victory. The problem is an entirely different one, namely this: is the new order, of which Adolf Hitler has spoken, going to be so intolerable for England and France that it is deemed worthwhile to let loose pandemonium on our people for years to come? The alternatives are obvious: on the one hand, all the horrors of a destructive war; on the other, constructive work according to the principles which Adolf Hitler has formulated. He does not want to impose his terms on Europe. He was calling for coöperation, for a conference to work out basic lines which every Englishman and Frenchman should understand unless the sole idea is the destruction of Germany.

We regard it as unfortunate that the development of the war in the West has taken such a course that this question can still be asked today. Nothing is irreparable on the Western Front, but England and France seem determined to oppose us with a united front and we do not doubt the seriousness of their intentions. Nevertheless, we know that in those countries a violent controversy has been waged as to whether the war should be continued.

Regardless of what those governments decide, the new realities cannot be ignored. Peace will have many supporters; they will come forward time and again in many countries. We Germans, however, know that if the governments of England and France decide in favor of prolonged war, and if they start really destructive warfare, then they force upon us a struggle which we wanted to avoid. At the same time, they would supply us with the spiritual and moral weapons which the German people need for this struggle, and of which they will make full use. We need no justification for defending ourselves; it is the aggressor who must find justification for his actions. It will be increasingly difficult for him, as time passes, to find valid arguments for this criminal war.

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In einer Kompanie ff-Fla.MG.-Abteilung fiel am 3. September 1939 bei Krzywosądz-Mau

ff-Mann

Hans Schmid

Er hat in soldatischer Pflichterfüllung seinen treuen Jahrgang für die Größe und den Bestand von Volk, Führer und Vaterland sein Leben geopfert.

Der Führer einer ff-Fla.MG.-Abteilung
Pfl. ff-Hauptsturmführer u. Kompanieführer

In einer Kompanie ff-Fla.M.G.-Abteilung fiel am 10. Sept. 1939 bei Wegrow

ff-Obersturmann

Hans Sanders

Er hat in soldatischer Pflichterfüllung gehen seinem Jahrgang für die Größe und den Bestand von Volk, Führer und Vaterland sein Leben geopfert.

Der Führer einer ff-Fla.M.G.-Abteilung
Pfl. ff-Hauptsturmführer und Kompanieführer

Für Führer und Volk fiel am 4. September 1939 bei Bzura

Gefreiter

Wilhelm Kreffin

Die Deutsche Polizei ehrt das Andenken dieses tapferen Kameraden durch die Eintragung seines Namens in das Ehrenbuch der Deutschen Polizei.

Der Chef der Ordnungspolizei
Daluege, General der Polizei

Beim Angriff auf eine polnische Festung fiel in treuer Pflichterfüllung als tapferer Soldat

Franz Hagmüller

ff-Rottenführer in einer ff-Standarte

Der Führer einer ff-Standarte
i. A.: Massell
ff-Hauptsturmführer und Kompanieführer

Für Führer und Volk fiel am 21. Sept. 1939 bei Warschau unser Kamerad

Wolfgang Schmidt-Lehr

ff-Oberscharführer an der ff-Junkerschule Braunschweig

Sein Leben wird uns Verpflichtung sein.

Albäter-Mackensen
ff-Obersturmführer und Kommandeur der ff-Junkerschule Braunschweig

In einer Kompanie ff-Fla.M.G.-Abteilung fiel am 13. September 1939 bei Gerwazy

ff-Sturmmann

Paul Herkelmann

Er hat in soldatischer Pflichterfüllung gehen seinem Jahrgang für die Größe und den Bestand von Volk, Führer und Vaterland sein Leben geopfert.

Der Führer einer ff-Fla.M.G.-Abteilung
Pfl.
ff-Hauptsturmführer u. Kompanieführer

Beim Angriff auf eine polnische Festung fiel in treuer Pflichterfüllung, als tapferer Soldat

Alfons Stelzer

ff-Mann in einer ff-Standarte

Der Führer einer ff-Standarte
i. A.: Massell
ff-Hauptsturmführer und Kompanieführer

Für Führer und Volk fiel im Kampfe vor dem Feinde am 5. September 1939

Polizeiwachtmeister

Karl-Heinz Loyal

Das Vorbild letzter Pflichterfüllung ehrt die Deutsche Polizei durch die Eintragung des Namens dieses Kameraden in das Ehrenbuch der Deutschen Polizei.

Maulen
Oberstleutnant und Kommandeur der Schutzpolizei

Auf dem Rückmarsch aus dem befreiten Danzig verunglückte in Ausübung seines Dienstes tödlich

ff-Unterscharführer

Georg Albert

Er bleibt uns unvergessen!

Steinert
ff-Hauptsturmführer und Chef einer Pol.-Kompanie.

Im Gefecht bei Pum fiel am 10. September 1939 unser

St.-Rottenführer

Horst Angermüller

Leutnant d. R. in einem Infanterieregiment

Er war einer unserer Besten, wir werden ihn nicht vergessen.

Der Kommandeur der ff-Nachrichtenschule
Ellerfiel, ff-Obersturmbannführer

Für Führer und Volk fiel im Kampfe um die Befreiung Danzigs am 10. September 1939 der

Polizeiwachtmeister

Heinz Luedtke

Schutzpolizei Danzig

Die Deutsche Polizei ehrt das Andenken dieses tapferen Kameraden durch die Eintragung seines Namens in das Ehrenbuch der Deutschen Polizei.

Bethke
Oberst und Kommandeur der Schutzpolizei

Beim Angriff auf eine polnische Festung fiel in treuer Pflichterfüllung als tapferer Soldat

Friedrich Klocker

ff-Obermann in einer ff-Standarte

Der Führer einer ff-Standarte
i. A.: Massell
ff-Hauptsturmführer und Kompanieführer

Es starb den Heldentod für Führer und Vaterland am 12. Sept. 1939 in Czerczyn

Helmut Lumpe

ff-Mann in einer ff-Standarte

Sein Geist ging an seinem Führer und an seiner Standarte. Wenig und tapfer ist er in den Reihen der Standarte als Vorbild und Verpflichtung für die gekämpft Deutschland gefallen. Er ist für uns unvergesslich

Steiner
ff-Standartenführer und Kommandeur einer ff-Standarte

Am 21. September 1939 fiel bei Lodsee an der Südfront der

ff-Mann

Kurt Böhm

3./90. ff-Standarte

im Dienste der Wehrmacht. Er bleibt uns als Kamerad unvergessen!

Der Führer der 90. ff-Standarte z. b. V. 3.
Urban
ff-Obersturmbannführer

Beim Angriff auf eine polnische Festung fiel in treuer Pflichterfüllung als tapferer Soldat

Johann Künzel

ff-Mann in einer ff-Standarte

Der Führer einer ff-Standarte
i. A.: Massell
ff-Hauptsturmführer u. Kompanieführer

Für Führer und Volk fiel im Kampfe vor dem Feinde am 7. September 1939

Polizeiwachtmeister

Walter Hecht

Schutzpolizei Königsberg/Pr.

Das Vorbild letzter Pflichterfüllung ehrt die Deutsche Polizei durch die Eintragung des Namens dieses Kameraden in das Ehrenbuch der Deutschen Polizei.

Maulen
Oberstleutnant und Kommandeur der Schutzpolizei.

Am Donnerstag, dem 14. September 1939 starb der Soldat den Heldentod

Edgar Friebe

ff-Anwärter

Als Wachtmeister aus Bromberg kommend, trat er freiwillig in unsere Reihen. Seine Einsatzbereitschaft wird uns Vorbild und Verpflichtung sein.

Schäfer, ff-Oberführer
Führer der ff-Totenkopf-Standarte XXVI und Polizeichef Danzig

Beim Einsatz der Sicherheitspolizei und des SD ist polnischen Kriegsgebiet ist gefallen

ff-Rottenführer

Gerhard Lanz

Wir werden ihn nicht vergessen! Sein Tod bedeutet uns erneute Verpflichtung.

Der Chef der Sicherheitspolizei und des SD
Heydrich, ff-Gruppenführer

Im Kampfe für Volk und Vaterland fiel in einer ff-Standarte

ff-Mann

Josef Swoboda

Seine Einsatzbereitschaft und Pflichterfüllung haben ihn uns unvergessen gemacht.

Geisler
ff-Hauptsturmführer und Komp.-Chef in einer ff-Standarte

Für Führer und Volk fiel als Unteroffizier der Reserve am 10. September 1939 bei

Polizeihauptwachtmeister

Herbert Konwitz

Schutzpolizei Hamburg

Die Deutsche Polizei dankt auch diesem Kameraden das Vorbild letzter Pflichterfüllung. Sein Name steht im Ehrenbuch der Deutschen Polizei.

Der Chef der Ordnungspolizei
Daluege, General der Polizei

Am Donnerstag, dem 14. September 1939 starb der Soldat den Heldentod

Kurt Schlegelberger

ff-Anwärter

Schütze an Schütze auf der Wehrmacht ist er seine Pflicht im Kampf um die Freiheit seiner Heimat. In unseren Herzen wird er fort leben.

Schäfer
ff-Oberführer, Führer der ff-Totenkopf-Standarte XXVI und Polizeichef Danzig

Beim Einsatz der Sicherheitspolizei und des SD. im polnischen Kriegsgebiet ist gefallen

ff-Unterscharführer
Kriminalassistenzanwärter i. B.

Theodor Leopoldseder

Wir werden ihn nicht vergessen! Sein Tod bedeutet uns erneute Verpflichtung.

Der Chef der Sicherheitspolizei und des SD.
Heydrich, ff-Gruppenführer

Am 15. September 1939 fiel in einem Waffengang für Führer, Volk und Vaterland der

ff-Mann

Hans Ehkora

Schütze in einem Infanterie-Rgt.

Er wird uns unvergessen bleiben.

Der Führer der ff-Nachrichtensturmbanne 9 u. z. V.
Kühnert, ff-Hauptsturmführer

Beim Einsatz der Sicherheitspolizei und des SD. im polnischen Kriegsgebiet ist gefallen

ff-Rottenführer
Kriminalassistenzanwärter i. B.

Johannes Liedl

Wir werden ihn nicht vergessen. Sein Tod bedeutet uns erneute Verpflichtung.

Der Chef der Sicherheitspolizei und des SD.
Heydrich, ff-Gruppenführer

Am 17. September 1939 fiel vor Modlin

Josef Wallner

ff-Mann in einer ff-Standarte

Die Standarte verliert in ihm einen guten Kameraden und tapferen ff-Mann. Wir werden sein Andenken in Ehren halten.

Graf von Westphalen
ff-Hauptsturmführer u. Kompanieführer in einer ff-Standarte

Für Führer und Volk fiel im Kampf um die Befreiung Danzigs am 11. September 1939

Hilfspolizist

Theodor Schefferzyk

4. DPO.-Hundertschaft Deutsches D/O.

Der Name dieses tapferen Kameraden steht zum bleibenden, ehrenden Gedenken im Ehrenbuch der Deutschen Polizei.

Gruhendorf
Oberst und Kommandeur der Schutzpolizei

Für Führer und Volk fiel im Kampf um die Befreiung Danzigs am 11. September 1939

Hauptmann der Schutzpolizei

Bernhard Dobe

Schutzpolizei Danzig

Die Deutsche Polizei ehrt das Andenken dieses tapferen Kameraden durch die Eintragung seines Namens in das Ehrenbuch der Deutschen Polizei.

Bethke
Oberst und Kommandeur der Schutzpolizei

Für Führer und Volk fiel im Kampf um die Befreiung Danzigs am 1. September 1939

Polizeiwachtmeister

Wilhelm Senz

Die Deutsche Polizei ehrt das Andenken dieses tapferen Kameraden durch die Eintragung seines Namens in das Ehrenbuch der Deutschen Polizei.

Bethke
Oberst und Kommandeur der Schutzpolizei

Im Kampfe für Volk und Vaterland fiel in einer ff-Standarte

ff-Mann

Richard Himpsl

Seine Einsatzbereitschaft und Pflichterfüllung haben ihn uns unvergesslich gemacht.

Geisler
ff-Hauptsturmführer und Komp.-Chef in einer ff-Standarte

Für Führer und Volk fiel von dem Feinde im Kampf um die Befreiung seiner oberschlesischen Heimat am 4. September 1939

Polizeiwachtmeister

Franz Glatzel

9. Polizeirevier in Hindenburg O/S.

Der Name dieses tapferen Kameraden steht zum bleibenden, ehrenden Gedenken im Ehrenbuch der Deutschen Polizei.

Gruhendorf
Oberst und Kommandeur der Schutzpolizei

Für Führer und Volk fiel im Kampf um die Befreiung Danzigs am 1. September 1939

Polizeiwachtmeister

Franz Kaminski (Sammler)

Schutzpolizei Danzig

Die Deutsche Polizei ehrt das Andenken dieses tapferen Kameraden durch die Eintragung seines Namens in das Ehrenbuch der Deutschen Polizei.

Bethke
Oberst und Kommandeur der Schutzpolizei

Für Führer und Volk fiel im Kampf um die Befreiung Danzigs am 1. September 1939

Polizeiwachtmeister

Erwin Höckendorff

Die Deutsche Polizei ehrt das Andenken dieses tapferen Kameraden durch die Eintragung seines Namens in das Ehrenbuch der Deutschen Polizei.

Bethke
Oberst und Kommandeur der Schutzpolizei

These death notices appear regularly in the Schwarze Korps, official organ of the Nazi Élite Guards. The World War phrase 'Für Kaiser und Vaterland' *have now been replaced by the words* 'Für Führer und Volk.'

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Some recent facts about the much discussed plan for World Federation.

Union Now or Never

By CLARENCE K. STREIT

(There is increasing discussion today concerning some kind of world federation as the inevitable goal of the peace conference that must follow the war. A tentative blueprint for such federation was published several months before hostilities began in a provocative volume by Clarence K. Streit, 'Union Now,' which has been discussed in both England and the United States and which has been translated into French and Swedish, with a German edition on the press at Zurich and a Portuguese translation underway for Latin America. The following is an excerpt from the author's thesis, giving his plan in brief.—THE EDITORS.)

THE way to peace is Union Now of the democracies—that the North Atlantic and a thousand other things already unite—Union of these few peoples in a great federal republic built on and for the thing they share most: their common democratic principle of government for the sake of individual freedom.

By permission of Harper and Brothers

This Union would be designed (a) to provide effective common government in our democratic world in those fields where such common government will clearly serve man's freedom better than separate governments, (b) to maintain independent national governments in all other fields where such government will best serve man's freedom, and (c) to create by its constitution a nucleus world government capable of growing into universal world government peacefully and as rapidly as such growth will best serve man's freedom.

By (a) I mean the Union of the North Atlantic democracies in these five fields: citizenship, defense force, customs-free economy, money and postal and communications system.

By (b) I mean the Union government shall guarantee against all enemies, foreign and domestic, not only those rights of man that are common to all the democracies but every existing national or local right that is not clearly incompatible with effective union government in the five named

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fields. The Union would guarantee the right of each democracy in it to govern independently all its home affairs and practice democracy at home in its own tongue, according to its own customs and in its own way, whether by republic or kingdom, presidential, cabinet or other form of government.

By (c) I mean the founder democracies shall so constitute the Union as to encourage the nations outside it and the colonies inside it to seek to unite with it instead of against it. Admission to the Union and to all its tremendous advantages for the individual man and woman would from the outset be open equally to every democracy, now or to come, that guarantees its citizens the Union's minimum bill of rights.

The great republic would be organized with a view to its spreading peacefully around the earth as nations grow ripe for it. Its constitution would aim clearly at achieving eventually by this peaceful ripening the goal millions have dreamed of individually but never sought to get by deliberately planning and patiently working together. That goal would be achieved by Union when every individual of our species would be a citizen of it, a citizen of a disarmed world enjoying world free trade, a world money and a world communications system. Then man's vast future would begin.

This goal will seem so remote now as to discourage all but the strong from setting out for it, or even acknowledging that they stand for it. It is not now so remote, it does not now need men so strong as it did when Lincoln preserved the American Union 'for the great republic, for the principle it lives by and keeps alive, for man's vast future.' It will no longer be visionary once the Atlantic democracies unite. Their Union is not so remote, and their Union is all that concerns us here and now.

In the North Atlantic, or founder, democracies I would include at least these fifteen (or ten): The American Union, the British Commonwealth (specifically the United Kingdom, the Federal Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, Ireland), the French Republic, Belgium, the Netherlands, the Swiss Confederation, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland. These few include the world's greatest, oldest, most homogeneous and closely linked democracies, the peoples most experienced and successful in solving the problem at hand—the peaceful, reasonable establishment of effective inter-State democratic world government. Language divides them into only five big groups and for all practical political purposes into only two, English and French. Their combined citizenry of nearly 300,000,000 is well balanced, half in Europe and half overseas. None of these democracies has been at war with any of the others for more than a hundred years.

These few democracies suffice to provide the nucleus of world government with the financial, monetary, economic and political power necessary both to assure peace to its members peacefully from the outset by sheer overwhelming preponderance and invulnerability, and practically to end the monetary insecurity and economic warfare now ravaging the whole world. Together these fifteen own almost half the earth, rule all its oceans, govern nearly half mankind. They do two-thirds of the world's trade, and most of this would be

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called their domestic trade once they united, for it is among themselves. They have more than 50 per cent control of nearly every essential material. They have more than 60 per cent control of such war essentials as oil, copper, lead, steel, iron, coal, tin, cotton, wool, wood pulp, shipping tonnage. They have almost complete control of such keys as nickel, rubber and automobile production. They possess practically all the world's gold and banked wealth. Their existing armed strength is such that once they united it they could radically reduce their armaments and yet gain a two-power standard of armed superiority over the Powers whose aggression any of them now fears.

The Union's existing and potential power from the outset would be so gigantic, its bulk so vast, its vital centers so scattered, that Germany, Italy and Japan, even put together, could no more dream of attacking it than Mexico dreams of invading the American Union now. Once established, the Union's superiority in power would be constantly increasing simply through the admission to it of outside nations. A number would no doubt be admitted immediately. Thus the absolutist Powers would constantly become weaker and more isolated.

II

There remains the peculiarly controversial case of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. The mere fact that many democrats would class it among the dictatorships and that many other democrats regard it as an advanced type of industrial democracy suffices, it seems to me, to prove the practical wisdom of not including it in the nucleus.

Why not go on and include more than fifteen? We have already seen that the line must be drawn somewhere but why not add four or five or one or two democracies and at least one Latin-American republic? Twenty is not too many for the nucleus constituent assembly, if they draft this constitution by simple majority vote as the American States drafted theirs. There would seem to be no decisive objection to the fifteen raising the number of founders to twenty by inviting whatever democracies they agreed it was wise to add, and requiring only, say, three Great-Power ratifications for the constitution the assembly drafted to put it into effect. I have preferred to draw the line at fifteen at this stage mainly because of these considerations:

Once the generous minimum needed for a sound nucleus is reached at fifteen, the addition of other democracies may still be desirable. Since such additions are not necessary, however, one should lean backward to avoid slowing or endangering the organization of government by including elements liable in any way to rouse controversy or other difficulty.

It is wrong, all wrong, to conceive of Union as aimed against the nations of the totalitarian Triangle, Germany, Italy and Japan. There is a world of difference between the motives behind Union and those behind either the present policy in each democracy of arming for itself or the proposals for alliance among the democracies. For such armament and such alliance are meant to maintain the one thing Union does attack in the one place Union does attack it—the autocratic principle of absolute national sovereignty in the democracies. Unlike

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armament and alliance policies, Union leads to no crusade against autocracy abroad, no attempt to end war by war, to make the world safe for democracy by conquering foreign dictatorship. Union is no religion for tearing out the mote from a brother's eye—and the eye, too—while guarding nothing so jealously, savagely, as the beam in one's own eye.

Union calls on each democracy to remove from itself the absolutism governing its relations with the other democracies, and to leave it to the people of each dictatorship to decide then for themselves whether they will maintain or overthrow the absolutism governing them not only externally but internally. Union provides equally for the protection of the democracies against attack by foreign autocracy, and for the admission of each autocratic country into the Union once it becomes a democracy in the only possible way—by the will and effort of its own people.

The problems the Triangular Powers now raise—equality, treaty revision, raw materials, a place in the sun, the have and have-not struggle—Union would put on a new basis, that of equality among individual men instead of nations, thereby rendering these problems infinitely simpler and less dangerous. To attain the equality they crave, the citizens of these absolutist nations would no longer need to sacrifice their individual freedom to their nation's military power, they would need instead to sacrifice dictatorship and military power to the restoration of their own individual liberties. By gaining membership for their nation they would gain the equality they now demand and more, for they would enjoy precisely the same status, rights and opportunities as all citizens of this Union just as do the citizens of a State admitted to the American Union. As their citizens turned these governments into democracies and entered the Union, the arms burden on everyone would dwindle until it soon completely disappeared.

The democracies could also increase enormously their trade and prosperity, reduce unemployment, raise their standard of living while lowering its cost. The imagination even of the economic expert cannot grasp all the saving and profit democrats would realize by merely uniting their democracies in one free trade area.

They need only establish one common money to solve most if not all of today's more insoluble monetary problems, and save their citizens the tremendous loss inherent not only in depreciation, uncertainty, danger of currency upset from foreign causes, but also in the ordinary day-to-day monetary exchange among the democracies. The Union's money would be so stable that it would at once become the universal medium of exchange—a world money far more than was the pound sterling before the World War.

Establishment of Union involves difficulties, of course, but the difficulties are transitional, not permanent ones. All other proposals in this field, even if realizable, could solve only temporarily this or that problem in war, peace, armaments, tariffs, monetary stabilization. These proposals would be as hard to achieve as Union, yet all together they could not do what the one act of Union would—permanently eliminate all these problems. These are problems for which the present dogma of nationalism is to

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blame. We cannot keep it and solve them. We cannot eliminate them until we first eliminate it.

Fantastic? Visionary? What are the alternatives? There are only these: Either the democracies must try to stand separately or they must try to stand together on some other basis than union, that is, they must organize themselves as a league or an alliance.

Suppose we try to organize as a league. We adopt a method which has just failed in the League of Nations, which before that led the original thirteen American democracies to a similar failure, and failed the Swiss democracies, the Dutch democracies, and the democracies of ancient Greece. We adopt a method which has been tried time and again in history and has never worked, whether limited to few members or extended to many; a method which, we shall see, when we analyze it later, is thoroughly undemocratic, untrustworthy, unsound, unable either to make or to enforce its law in time. Is it not fantastic to expect to get the American people, after 150 years of successful experience with union and after their rejection of the League of Nations, to enter any league? Can any but the visionary expect us to go through the difficulty that organization of the democracies on any basis entails—all for what we know to be a political monstrosity?

Suppose we try to organize instead an alliance of the democracies. But an alliance is simply a looser, more primitive form of league, one that operates secretly through diplomatic tunnels rather than openly through regular assemblies. It is based on the same unit as a league—the State—and on the same principle—that the maintenance of the freedom of the State is the be-all and the end-all of political and economic policy. It is at most an association (instead of a government) of governments, by governments, for governments. It has all the faults of a league with most of them intensified and with some more of its own added.

The best way to prevent war is to make attack hopeless. It will not be hopeless while the autocrats, who by their nature are gamblers with abnormal confidence in themselves and their luck, have any ground left to gamble either that the democracies can be divided or that the inter-democracy organization is too cumbersome and loose to resist surprise attack. An alliance cannot long make this gamble hopeless.

The basic flaw in an alliance of democracies is the nationalist philosophy responsible for it. If the desire to avoid commitments is strong enough to prevent a democracy from forming a union or even a league with the others, it will also prevent its allying with them until the danger is so great and imminent that the alliance comes too late to prevent war. The alliance may come in time to promise to win a war that pure nationalism could not hope to win, and to win it at greater cost than could a league. But it cannot promise, as Union can, to prevent the war—and that is the main thing.

III

At the start one thing stands out. The one important problem that has nowhere been accorded urgent treatment is the problem of world government. It came nearest to urgent status, perhaps, in 1919 when the League Covenant was drafted. But even then

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when catastrophe was still smoldering President Wilson was damned everywhere, and not least in the United States, for delaying what the world generally deemed most urgent—the winding up of that particular war—in order to secure the establishment of a first attempt at world government, the League. The Covenant had to be drafted after office hours and such men as Lloyd George and Clemenceau never had time for it.

Since the League's foundation, what has been done about this world constitutional problem? Briand's committee to inquire into European Union was merely an attempt to establish European government along League lines. What little political discussion his committee dared indulge in added nothing new to inter-State or world constitutional thinking. The Bank for International Settlements was, like the League, a by-product of the conference that gave it birth. Thereafter there was no sign of political activity in the constitutional field of world government until the 1936 League Assembly, and it showed little evidence of any fresh thinking about this problem.

The need for world government rises for every people from two movements; its own outward movement into the world and the world's inward movement into it. Recovery is bound to increase the importance of both these movements for each nation that enjoys it. It is bound to mean greater development of and dependence on the world-made and world-making machines, and that means still greater inter-dependence of peoples, still greater need of world government.

Finally, there are those who know that nationalism is wrong and who admit the need of world government, but who find the times unpropitious, the price of peace too high. Will the price ever be lower? Are the times growing less dangerous? What keeps us waiting? Wars never end where they begin. Can we trust war to make times safer for organizing world law and order? Can we hope that it will leave that problem less difficult? Even so, its true solution then must be its true solution now. Since we must in the end truly solve this problem of living together, surely the urgent thing is to solve it now in time to keep alive. Conditions cannot possibly be more favorable than they are now for us to unite to save our freedom and our lives, for now we still have our free governments and our lives. More than all else the dangers of war make the establishment of effective world government our most urgent problem.

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A vivid reportage of aliens in Great Britain; about the still controversial success of British 'leaflet warfare.'

On the British Front

I. Aliens at Bow Street

By R. C. Hutchinson

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

A YOUNG policeman, in his rather theatrical helmet, keeps the queue close to the wall. Today it only extends for thirty yards or so; on Monday it was at least five times as long. They wait with extraordinary patience, these people; they are used to it. For months past it has been a condition of their lives, this eternal queueing, in the dusty corridors of police-offices, in windy customs-sheds. The multilingual chatter is low and continuous, like the noises in a telephone. But many are abjectly silent, and their eyes do not seem to see the sandbags along the dirty gray wall. They see, perhaps, the trees in the Königsplatz. An Austrian girl, who wears her shabby clothes with an astonishing *chic*, keeps lighting a new cigarette from the butt of the old.

At the end of twenty minutes the swing-door opens, an elderly, clerkish officer appears, and half-a-dozen from the head of the queue are let into the building. 'Any of you got slips telling you to come? Between two o'clock and three o'clock? Right! Along you come!' Four more go in, the door swings shut, another twenty minutes pass. When the door opens again the sad-eyed officer is followed by an emergency-duty man, a gigantic and ferocious-looking fellow with the cut of an admiral.

The sight of this man is too much for a little Jewish lady, she suddenly bursts into speech with a string of explanations: she has not reported before, she didn't know she had to report, nobody told her, she didn't understand what they said in the paper. The giant regards her woodenly until she stops. 'You're a very naughty girl,' he says, 'we shall have to shoot you.' A ghost of a twitch in his eyelid makes the woman laugh and he strides on.

Farther down the line his colleague is sorting out the customers with lugubrious efficiency. 'Here, let's see what *you've* got! Well now, you don't

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want to hang about here, you go home and wait till we send for you. . . . Well, now, what's your little packet of trouble? . . . You, sir, I'm not going to say one word to you till you take your place in the queue!' An Italian girl presents a problem: her papers seem to be in perfect order, the officer can't see why she's come, she doesn't seem to know herself. Another Italian (there is always another Italian) comes to the rescue.

'Ah, but you see she have got marrit.'

'Married, has she! Who's she married?

'She have marrit a *fellow*.'

The officer, as one knowing the seamy side, lugubriously nods.

The case I wanted cleared up was of the simplest kind (a distinguished German-Jewish writer had been registered as living in Hampshire, when his home is really in Camden Town) and all the creaking, blundering machinery of government had worked to turn this molehill into a Matterhorn of correspondence. I had been on the pavement for fifty minutes when I got inside, and my temper was fairly ragged. Yet the very fact of admittance was soothing (as the dullest plays seem good when you have stood for an hour in the gallery queue). And in the drab, yellow-lighted basement to which we trooped there was a subtoned atmosphere of festival. We sat on rows of chairs set in a geometrical figure while an exact replica of the man on duty outside came to ask each one his business. According as our answers pleased him we were shifted on to other chairs. I had a feeling that presently he would tell us a story and that at a word from him I should have to leap up and change places with the fat Hungarian on the other side.

Seated, now, we went on waiting.

The staff was doing its best. There were ten or twelve of them behind the long counters, with uniform collars open, one or two in shirt sleeves. Nearly all were past the middle of life, they had their hair in rather unexpected positions and a certain misanthropic severity, as if they had all been bred from the same Cathedral Verger. I had to watch closely, and for some time, before I perceived that the dour expression was as much a part of their souls as a Clarkson wig.

II

'Next, please!'

The player on the left of the dealer, so to say, goes up to the counter. He is—at a guess—a shopkeeper from Bavaria, a swarthy little man in high alarm.

'Well, now, what's your trouble?'

The shopkeeper mumbles in a pathetically eager 'English' and I can hardly get a word of it; but the officer's side of the conversation comes through to where I sit.

'Well, the question is, Where are you living *now?* Or don't you know? . . . Well then, we've got that all right-as-a-daisy. You live in Finsbury Park—nice place, had an old uncle living there . . .' It is done very thoroughly, no one is at the counter for less than five or ten minutes. '. . . Well then, here's your book, and don't you lose it, mind, or there'll be a whole packet of trouble!'

Still anxious and uncomprehending, the shopkeeper glances up and sees a certain light in the policeman's eye. Can it—can it be possible that within this English police-officer a clown is

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hiding? He suddenly smiles, bows, crams the registration-book in his pocket, tries to shake hands with the officer, thinks better of it, turns and walks smilingly away.

The next two, South Europeans, man and wife, are done together. Then comes a little business man, who says in a finished cockney accent that he is a Belgian subject. After that a German girl who has modeled herself on La Bergner with, I think, some success. Her head is quite lovely; her legs, of which I have the benefit, unbelievably slim. She goes to the broadest officer, the one with R.S.M. moustaches, and I see now that he has been scheming to get her all the time. He becomes enormous and very fierce indeed, so that in half a minute the girl is bubbling with laughter. I hear presently, 'I tell you, Madam, I was never more serious in my life. We have the highest penalties for that sort of thing. Crime, that's what we call that!'

'*Ja, ja, das Kreim!*' the girl agrees, and her laughter echoes across the filing-cabinets. The sergeant shoots his wrists and leans far over the counter to develop his thesis. This will be a particularly long interview, and I shall miss my train at Waterloo.

One of the ushers, however, noticing my rolled umbrella and my shabby hat, had recognized me as a British subject who was helping to pay for this circus. I was beckoned, and, very uncomfortably, went over to a young Caesar in the corner.

'. . . I was told by the police at A—— that I must apply to you. I did so a week ago and have had no acknowledgement.'

'But the case isn't in our district at all. You've got to apply first of all at Kentish Town.'

'Isn't it rather a pity the police at A—— didn't tell me that?'

'I don't suppose they knew.'

'——.'

I went on to the door labeled 'Way Out, *Sortie, Ausgang*.' 'Next, please! Well now, what's your trouble?' The fat sergeant still had the pretty girl; undoubtedly the lady's papers were in a terrible mess, and they were both quite lost in enjoyment of each other. A tubby little Frau stumped in front of me, clutching her registration-book as happily as if it were a prize for needlework. I was rather ashamed to be the one disgruntled person there.

Up the stairs and through the tunnel of sandbags, past a board which said 'Contaminated Policemen In,' around again to the street. The queue is half as long again now; it will be more than an hour before the present tail is inside. The same tired women, the same patient faces. They are always patient, these lonely exiles with gas-masks slung on their backs.

II. Warfare by Leaflet

By Robert Powell

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THE British Air Force has raided Germany with millions of leaflets ever since war was declared. Successful flights have been made over a large part of the Reich, including Berlin and Potsdam, with but little

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resistance from the Germans. This is an accomplishment which certainly encourages confidence in the condition of our pilots and machines, and has probably resulted in some valuable reconnaissance work being done. But for most Englishmen today the question is what effect these pamphlets are having upon the German people themselves.

Are the contents of the leaflets already distributed such as would have much influence on the average German? Even a cursory glance at four of those which have already been dropped show that they are far too long and are not so worded as to stir his imagination. Here, for example, is the text of one of the earlier leaflets dropped on the German soil:—

> German Men and Women: The Government of the Reich has, with cold deliberation, forced war upon Great Britain. It has done so knowing that it must involve mankind in a calamity worse than that of 1914. The assurances of peaceful intentions the Führer gave to you and to the world in April have proved as worthless as his words at the Sportpalast last September, when he said: 'We have no more territorial claims to make in Europe.'
>
> Never before has any government ordered subjects to their death with less excuse. This war is utterly unnecessary. Germany was in no way threatened or deprived of justice.
>
> Was she not allowed to reënter the Rhineland, to achieve the *Anschluss* and to take back the Sudeten Germans in peace? Neither we nor any other nation would have sought to limit her advance so long as she did not violate independent non-German peoples.
>
> Every German ambition—just to others—might have been satisfied through friendly negotiation. President Roosevelt offered you both peace with honor and the prospect of prosperity. Instead, your rulers have condemned you to the massacre, miseries and privations of a war they cannot ever hope to win.
>
> It is not us, but you they have deceived. For years their iron censorship has kept from you truths that even uncivilized peoples know. It has imprisoned your minds as in a concentration camp. Otherwise, they would not have dared to misrepresent the combination of peaceful peoples to secure peace as hostile encirclement. We had no enmity against you, the German people.
>
> This censorship has also concealed from you that you have not the means to sustain protracted warfare. Despite crushing taxation, you are on the verge of bankruptcy. Our resources and those of our Allies, in men, arms and supplies are immense. We are too strong to break by blows, and we could wear you down.
>
> You, the German people, can, if you will, insist on peace at any time. We also desire peace, and are prepared to conclude it with any peace-loving Government in Germany.

I have read and reread this leaflet a number of times and have discussed with a German friend the probable reaction in the Third Reich. This leaflet is a kind of *apologia* which might have been much appreciated by the executive committee of a German political party before 1933, but would be simply laughed at in a *Kneipe* ('pub'). To many of the statements about Hitler's letting them down, I can imagine a *Stammtisch* replying almost in chorus, 'You're telling us!' Some of them are so bitter over the annexations of Austria and Sudetenland that they would blame Britain and France for allowing these things, and consider them not 'concessions' on our part, but merely signs of weakness.

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The remark about Germany being on the verge of bankruptcy would be answered even by a non-Nazi, if he were not a financial expert, by his saying that the democracies foretold such a fate for the Third Reich from 1934 onward, and it has still not come, so why worry? And if the Allies have such an overwhelming superiority in arms and men, he would continue, then they must be fools not to have applied it immediately, especially when Germany was occupied in Poland.

If Goebbels had only been let loose on this leaflet for an hour, he would have played havoc with it, and have made us look more diabolical than ever. He would have had as his climax, 'And didn't I always warn you that these British were waiting to destroy us Germans? Their love of peace at Munich was all a bluff. It was simply that they were not then prepared for war, the hypocrites!' An attempt to intimidate in this way would only stiffen the backs of most Germans, particularly since they have an equal distrust of the good faith of the Allies as of their own leaders.

II

For this reason, the leaflet dropped on the night of September 24th, though it is an improvement over the earlier ones in that it is much shorter, can also not have cut much ice. This leaflet ran as follows:

ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG! TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE:—

Germans! Note that in spite of the German blood which has been shed in the Polish War (1) your Government's hope of a successful *Blitzkrieg* (lightning war) has been destroyed by the British War Cabinet's decision to prepare for a three-years' war.

(2) The French Army crossed the frontier into Germany on September 6th, or four days before German official sources admitted it. In the West, British troops are already standing shoulder to shoulder with their French allies.

(3) The British and French fleets have swept German merchant shipping from the oceans. Hence your supplies of a whole range of essential war materials, such as petrol, copper, nickel, rubber, cotton, wool and fats are almost gone. You can no longer rely, as you did in the last War, upon neutral supplies, because your Government cannot pay for them.

(4) Night after night the British Air Force (*Englische Luftwaffe*) has demonstrated its power by flights far into German territory. GERMANS NOTE.

This leaflet clearly shows a failure to realize that the war against Poland was by no means unpopular among the Germans generally, because of their feeling of racial superiority over the Poles. To talk of the German authorities not mentioning the French advance for four days is very naïve to a people who have sometimes been kept weeks without knowing important decisions. And is there anything calculated to anger the German more than the reference in point 3 to the blockade? Why, they had not stopped talking about the last blockade when I left Germany a month ago!

If the leaflet method is to continue, then the messages should be as brief as possible, preferably in the form of slogans, repeated time and again, and containing information, such as Knickerbocker's, regarding the Nazi leader's fortunes abroad. Just recall how Goebbels's gibes at 'a world fit for democracy' served as propaganda for

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years. There is little point in telling the Germans that Hitler has betrayed them. It is an old story, and they are cynical about our talking in this way since few Germans but believe that we 'let down' the Czechs last year, and have behaved rather strangely toward the Poles. We may be able to explain these things satisfactorily to ourselves, but our concern here is how do the Germans interpret them.

Many people think that a statement of our peace aims may help to bring the Germans round to our way of thinking. But while such a statement would be useful if only to clarify our own thinking, it is doubtful whether it would affect the Germans much. Distrust and the loss of the ability to think for themselves are so obvious in that nation today that little would be accomplished. They have come to believe such a garbled version of the history of Wilson's Fourteen Points, and see in our retention of the former German colonies under mandates such a strong proof of our national selfishness, that it is difficult to see what good would result.

In fact, the influence of propaganda of itself both in the last war and now is much overdone, unless one also takes into account the attendant circumstances. Goebbels, for example, could never have 'coördinated' the German people without the bullying of the *Gestapo*, and Wilson's Fourteen Points only appealed to the Germans when they saw that their position was hopeless in 1918. News of the bombing of the Krupp works at Essen, or the airplane works at Dessau, would bring home to the average German much more realistically the true position, since his mentality is such that he cannot understand why the Allies do not use their alleged superiority.

But our efforts to sow the seeds of unrest and disillusionment in the Third Reich may well be a contribution to a development which we shall not welcome. The harvest may be quite different from our expectations. In 1933 the German fatalistically thought his country was faced with the alternative of either Nazism or Communism. He decided to give the former a chance. It has failed. May he not turn to the other alternative, particularly as he maintains that the democratic system is a luxury for wealthy States only?

• •

Casualty

'He was wounded in an air-raid!'
'How did it happen?'
'A leaflet hit him in the eye.'

—*420*, Florence

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A strange dreamlike quality distinguishes this story of adventures that you or I may easily encounter this. . . .

Night Before Christmas

By Leon Bryce Bloch

BERLIN was the last place in the world I would have chosen to spend Christmas. But there I was, walking aimlessly along Kurfürstendamm, a stranger in a now strange city, on Christmas Eve. The world had changed, and I had changed since last I was in Berlin, nearly ten years ago, but Berlin had changed much more. And a soft, heavy snowfall was obliterating what familiar landmarks remained.

The black-out was only partial tonight, perhaps because the anti-aircraft command felt that this was the one evening when the enemy would not essay a raid, and the protective snow insured safety. Driven by lonesomeness and a half-conscious apprehension that someone was waiting for me around the next corner, any corner, I hurried along. When I turned into Kantstrasse I discovered that I had been running. My hat and overcoat were white, but the heat of my exertion had melted the snow around the hat-band, and the water seeped through the felt and ran down my forehead in little trickles.

I slid into a shop doorway—it was a toy shop, I discovered—to remove my hat and wipe my face. The toys were lovely, bright things. There were better dolls than I had ever seen before, with intelligent faces and human hair, toy soldiers, trains, sabers, tops, airplanes that operated like real ones, everything was there. The window was in some disorder and I was aware that many toys had been removed and sold as the supply inside dwindled. But this confusion made the display more real, it was the confusion of life. As I stood there, half dreaming, the shop emptied its customers past me. But I couldn't leave. I knew they would soon be closing the place, yet I half hoped that I was mistaken. At last I had found friends, in these toys, though inanimate ones.

In a moment the window lights went out, then half the lights inside the shop, and the proprietor was ushering out the last customer. As the door

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closed between them, I was startled by the sight of the face that peered out at me. I thought I detected a malign twist to the lips as I recognized —surely I couldn't be mistaken—the glint in the eyes and the military cut of the head of Heinrich Himmler. I had seen Herr Himmler many times during my brief stay in Berlin, lunched with him, interviewed him, even been warned by him after I had expressed certain views. But what would Herr Himmler be doing here? Certainly he didn't run a toy shop—and I was certain of my identification. There couldn't be two men in Berlin who looked exactly alike, who had a birthmark in that same spot on the temple. A sudden thought made me shudder.

'Are you cold?' a soft, cultivated voice behind me asked, 'Why don't you put on your hat?'

Either the cold or fright had made movement difficult, and as I turned rather awkwardly I must have been a queer sight to this stranger. For the first time I realized that I had taken off my hat to wipe my forehead and was still holding the hat in my hand. The perspiration had grown cold and stung my skin. I quickly mopped my face and brow and put on my cold, stiff hat again.

'Thank you,' I mumbled. Then the shop went dark, the street practically emptied and I was alone with the stranger.

'I see you are a visitor to our city,' he said gently.

'Yes, and I've been here only a short time.' I was well aware that no one in Berlin would mistake me for anything but an American. My clothes, my speech were distinctly made in the United States.

'You probably have no friends here,' he went on, almost ignoring my contribution to the conversation, 'and you appear so alone. If you have no other plans, I would feel honored if you would grace my home with your company this Christmas Eve.'

I was a little suspicious, though I knew I shouldn't be. This sort of thing was common enough in the old Germany, and he seemed to be a gentleman, evidently a soldier of the old order. He spoke English with slight accent, an English he must have learned at Oxford. But that one glimpse of Herr Himmler, the streets bare of humanity, only we two and the relentless snow, conspired to make me unnaturally cautious. As I struggled to make up my mind he spoke again.

'I am Colonel Kurt von Jägersberg, retired . . . And you?'

I introduced myself, adding a reference to my mission in Berlin.

'I make my residence at 17 Tiergartenstrasse with my good wife and son Hans. They'll be very glad to talk with a visitor from so far away. We don't have many these days,' he explained and we bent our heads ever so slightly against the storm. Taxis are so scarce in Berlin these days, that we decided it would be quicker to walk.

After awhile I broke silence.

'Do you know who that man at the toy shop is?' I asked.

'Of course,' he said, too quickly, I thought, and gave me a sharp look, 'but let's save our breath in this storm.'

We went the rest of the way without speaking.

'Here we are,' the Colonel said at last, and we stopped before an old brownstone with a high stoop. 'There's

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just one favor I wish to ask you before we go in. Please say nothing about the toy shop.'

'Of course not,' I assured him, 'but wasn't that Herr—'

'Hasenfluck,' he interrupted. He took me by the arm and helped me up the steep steps.

THE Colonel led me through the living-room, in which was a small Christmas tree. As we passed the tree I observed that it was trimmed with worn tinsel and home-made paper ornaments and cookies in many shapes. A number of guests had arrived, most of them evidently old friends or retainers. In a Storm Trooper's uniform, Hans stood in the kitchen doorway, an aloof, defiant figure. Tonight, of all nights, the lad had come close to quarrelling with his father, I could sense. After twenty-two years of unquestioning obedience, or at least respectful attention, the old Colonel was apparently stung by a defiance he could not comprehend, much less cope with.

Hans saw his advantage and pressed it. His voice was high-pitched.

'All I can say is, I hope the Schutz-Staffel doesn't get wind of this. And don't say I didn't warn you,' he cried.

'That's what you say every year, and each time you say it louder,' his mother reproved. 'And anyhow, why should we worry? Nothing ever happened before.'

'Well, it's different this year. This is war. We've got to tighten our belts if we hope to win, and victory in this war is more important than in any that was ever fought in Europe.'

'Yes, I know that story,' the Colonel interposed. 'We're fighting for a new civilization. The world of the Renaissance, of eighteenth- and twentieth-century culture, of Cellini and Michelangelo, Bach and Beethoven, Hegel and Spengler are all gone now, and you think . . .'

'I know, I don't think. We will carry the torch of a new Europe, a new world, we will sow the seeds of a new beginning after we bury this old, rotten, dying culture. We will, with the help of the Sage of Berchtesgaden. . . . Sieg Heil! But we won't tolerate the interference of dead hands.'

'I see,' Frau von Jägersberg said. 'We have our choice; we do as you say, or a concentration-camp, I suppose.'

'Well, no, not exactly. I'm not trying to force you . . . but I won't have force used on me. I have my dignity, and I'm not going to be ordered around,' Hans said.

The old man's face was taut; his Adam's apple rose and fell perceptibly. He knew that the Christmas tree was no help in his struggle to win position in the State, now that they had hoarded bits of food out of the small allowance permitted by ration-cards.

'Quiet!' he ordered. 'I will decide what you are to do as long as I am head of the house.'

'Kurt!' He heard his wife's plea, but ignored her.

Hans sat down, saying nothing. His movement shook the tree and the candles flickered. Everyone looked around the room to be sure doors and windows were bolted. Frau von Jägersberg had seen to that. The guests relaxed now, but they were still a bit cautious.

'It's nearly eleven,' the Colonel said, 'and we're not as young as we used to be.'

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Frau von Jägersberg went to the kitchen. Her eyes glittered. It was really Christmas Eve at last, albeit under a cloud of war. If she was concerned about Hans's safety, she failed to reveal it.

'Perhaps our good pastor won't come,' one of the guests said, evidently to ease the tension.

'He may have gotten frightened at the last minute,' Hans offered. 'You know the danger, when the Führer has forbidden it. But if he comes, I must be excused.'

'Dr. Wildenauer will not be thinking of himself tonight,' the Colonel answered.

Frau von Jägersberg was back from the kitchen with a trayful of food and a decanter of wine.

'We have a few pieces of our old silver left,' she said, as she laid out a crested platter, sugar bowl and creamer. 'It's been hard to hold on to them. But Kurt is hopeful, he expects good news after the first of the year.'

It sounded as though Hans had mumbled something, but he was looking at the Christmas tree behind him.

'Let us pray,' said the Colonel. All heads bowed and Hans slowly conformed.

'*Unser Gott im Himmel . . .*'

THERE was a knock at the door. The old men stiffened in silence, the women fluttered. Colonel von Jägersberg got up slowly and marched to the door. By the time he had opened it his wife had carried the tray back to the kitchen.

Outside the door stood a woman, trembling inside her great-coat, its collar about her ears. She was hurried into the room and the door closed behind her. The bolt was slid into place.

'Who are you and what do you want?' Colonel von Jägersberg demanded.

The coat collar was drawn down. She was just a child, not more than sixteen or seventeen, and her eyes were red with weeping. There stood Martha Wildenauer, daughter of their pastor.

'My father's in custody,' she said with an effort. 'The police came to the house not more than an hour ago and took him. I've come in his place.'

The Colonel tried to catch his son's eye, but Hans kept looking away. Frau von Jägersberg was at Martha's side, removing the girl's coat and soothing her. Then she brought the tray back. Martha stopped trembling now and sat down between the hostess and Hans, who squirmed. The Colonel finished his prayer.

Frau von Jägersberg served everyone with plenty of bread, a piece of meat and a potato. The Colonel said he didn't want any meat. It was just as well, as there wasn't quite enough to go round.

Martha passed Hans his plate. As she leaned toward him, she whispered, 'Hans, it wasn't you—it couldn't . . . .' Hans saw that I had overheard, and he reddened.

'It's getting worse,' one voice was saying.

'*Ein Feste Burg* is forbidden too.'

'Oh, this terrible shortage.'

'Everything's Ersatz.'

Then I heard Martha's voice again. All she said was, 'So you did have a hand in it.'

There was hate and accusation in her eyes. But he couldn't talk to her

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above the hum of conversation without being overheard.

'Stop,' he finally shouted, 'I can't stand it any longer.'

His mother cautioned him. They had heard him and understood, he must know now. But they seemed to ignore him. It was a kind of grim game that made me terribly uneasy. They continued talking as if nothing had happened. At last he stood up and faced them.

'Why do you all sit here like this?' he screamed. 'Just sit and grumble. I'm tired of it. I hate it. But I haven't the courage to report you.'

'What have we done now?' asked Herr Rudholtz, who had once been important in the old civil service.

'Done, done?' Hans was livid. 'Nothing except flout all our decrees. And scant respect you give me, a Storm Trooper. And all this,' he pointed to the food and wine. 'Where did it come from? I'm tired of all your lawlessness and sneaking subterfuges; drawn shades, bolted doors and whispers.'

'Well, those are the last three candles,' said the Colonel sadly.

'Yes, and you know we draw the shades to keep out the sharp glare of the street lights,' his mother explained.

'That's a lie,' Hans exploded.

'I'll speak to you in your room,' the old Colonel said grimly.

His voice was quiet, cold and hard. There was a momentary pause as father and son faced each other. The struggle was brief and decisive. Hans rose, clicked his heels, bowed faintly to the guests and went to his room. The Colonel moved to the corner and picked up his heavy walking stick, then deliberately followed his son. But in spite of the old man's austerity, he had lost the force and drive of an hour ago. He was still Colonel Kurt von Jägersberg, retired, Generalstabsoffizier; he still stood erect as on the day von Hindenburg decorated him with the *Eiserne Kreuz*, but his heart wasn't in it.

THE door to Hans's room clicked shut after the Colonel. Martha jumped up and clutched her mouth in a futile effort to choke back a scream. The others didn't move.

After a few minutes father and son returned. Hans was shaking; his face bloodless. The Colonel looked years older, his eyes cold in their sockets, like a fireplace full of dead ashes. The young man walked to the table, but did not sit down. Martha was still standing. She put her hand on his arm and said only 'Hans,' in a tone no one but a young, terribly hurt girl can employ.

He shook off her hand and went to the door. Then he stopped, his hand on the bolt, as if to say something, but changed his mind.

The next moment he was gone, taking the tenseness with him. The guests began breathing again, and looked at the Colonel.

'I did what was proper and needed,' he said quietly.

His wife patted his shoulder. Martha wept.

'Yes, my dear,' the Colonel said to his wife, 'we must start again. Let's be merry this *Weinachten*.'

He took the decanter and poured a little wine in each glass. When he reached his own glass, just a few drops came. But he poured bravely, as though there were plenty.

'It's Liebfraumilch,' he said, 'but this is the end of it. Next year we will have more.'

'Of course we will have more,' his

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wife agreed. Her mouth trembled slightly.

'But we have plenty,' said Martha.

There was silence. The Colonel rose, smiling at the girl. His body sagged, and he leaned on his stick.

'I know how you feel; you still love him, don't you?'

The guests remained silent, waiting for an explanation he seemed struggling to make.

'I had to punish him,' the Colonel finally said. 'He called his mother a liar. That cannot be permitted under my roof. But I also arranged a Christmas present for him earlier this evening. It will be a surprise.'

The old man braced himself against the table, stroked Martha's hair and laid his stick in her lap. The guests waited expectantly for him to go on. A half audible sob came from somewhere, at the other side of the table. The sound of heavy breathing grew louder.

'I made him give me three lashes on the back, with my own stick.'

'Now you must go—quickly,' he said to Martha, 'Perhaps our charming American guest will escort you.'

'It's just a few squares,' he said, turning to me.

Before I could even accept the responsibility, I was in my coat, hat in hand, and the girl on my arm, descending the long stairs. Outside it was still snowing. A solitary man was in the street. As we reached the corner, he passed us.

It was Herr Himmler.

I turned and watched him as he mounted the steps of the house I had just left. Then I turned back to Martha.

She was gone.

There I stood alone on that strange Tiergartenstrasse corner, uncertain which way to go to get back to my hotel. It was snowing harder now, and I couldn't see ten feet. When I had recovered a little, I was astonished to find that my hat was in my hand.

Fortunately, I was able to find a taxi. I got in and directed the driver to take me to my hotel. The last few hours had wearied me terribly, and I wanted only to go to bed. When I had settled back and lit a cigarette, I was able to smile a little at my helplessness.

I decided to talk to the driver; at least he was normal—unaffected by all the madness that had overtaken the rest of Berlin.

'Imagine, getting lost right on Tiergartenstrasse,' I called to him in a cheerful tone.

'I see you're a stranger in Berlin,' he laughed immoderately. 'That's a funny one, because Tiergartenstrasse is more than a kilometer from here.'

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How Finland can defend herself; Russia's newly acquired land compared to Lord Curzon's proposals; why the Baltic Germans are being repatriated.

Pity the Weak

I. Finns Are Ready

By Jean Bories

Translated from *Ordre*, Paris Rightist Daily

THE antagonism that persisted for so long a time between Germany and Russia, and which today has not been lessened by the joint ambitions of two dictators, has always caused military experts to weigh the possibility of attack by the Germans against Russia by the way of the Baltic and the Northern countries. The enemy would use naval bases in Norway and Sweden and the Aland Islands, and follow with an attack upon the Karelian frontier. The works of specialists are not lacking on this subject. Now that the situation has changed, the danger of attack upon Russia has been obviated. But the factors that made the North redoubtable still exist. An attack upon the Northern countries through the east offers great obstacles to the aggressor.

One of the greatest difficulties to present itself is of a psychological order. The countries of the Scandinavian peninsula are by nature, tradition and culture hostile to Russia. It is true that Finland was under Russian domination from 1809 until the Revolution, but she has succeeded in keeping her bourgeois traditions, her language and her cultural elements intact. Since 1917, the Russian influence upon her has been nil. After more than a century of submission, the Finns still have a national tradition which makes all humiliating compromise repugnant to them, and we must not under-estimate the value of this factor.

Now, let us consider an attack that might come against Finland. The Finnish-Soviet frontier corresponds approximately to that which had been traced by the Treaty of Stolbova in 1617 between the Swedish kingdom and Russia. It is almost 1,000 miles long and follows the water parting between the rivers flowing into the Baltic and the White Seas. Finland is flat, except on her frontier and in Lapland, where the hills reach an altitude of more than 3,800 feet. Fifty per

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cent of the plain consists of swamps. The forests occupy 73 per cent of the total surface. Besides, in Finland there are more than 70,000 lakes. For these reasons Finland is an ideal country for defensive action. Tank divisions would prove completely ineffective upon this terrain. Although Lapland, in the north of Finland, offers a somewhat more regular terrain, it could not be the main objective of an attack.

The only effective action, that directed upon the vertical line east of Kemi—important because it would permit the enemy to reach the Gulf of Bothnia from the north and go on to the Swedish frontier—would be difficult to launch. As for air-raids, they are likely to prove ineffective because 80 per cent of the Finnish population lives in the country.

At the most critical time of the negotiations with Soviet Russia this fall, gas masks were distributed to the urban population, but evidently this was more a move to prepare the Finns psychologically for war than a practical measure.

II

Finland possesses, moreover, other means of effective defense. She has an army of 30,000 men and a civil guard of 100,000 men—the latter reinforced by the celebrated '*Lotta Svaro*,' the feminine brigade of 70,000 troops. The militia is directed by General Mannerheim, who demonstrated his abilities at the end of the World War. Both the militia and the army are constantly undergoing intensive training.

The second line of defense against an attack from the east is situated in Sweden upon the Lulea-Boden-Murjek-Gällivare-Kiruna-Abisko line. An effective system of fortifications has been constructed, whose best example is the fortress of Boden. A special guard, called *Secret Svenson*, is charged with the policing of the fortification areas. There has been an intensified outbreak of espionage in this region, followed by a wave of arrests. Lapps, captains of boats navigating the Lule river, even waitresses in cafés in the small town of Boden are being constantly arrested.

An important factor of defense is the formation of the Finnish coasts. They are dotted with islands and permit of fortification with minimum of cost because of their rough and broken outline. The Aland Islands—the Malta of the North—control all shipping in that zone, as well as block access to the Gulf of Bothnia and protect Stockholm. One must not forget that the Soviet navy has few facilities in the Gulf of Finland, and particularly that the Russian naval base at Kronstadt is surrounded by ice during the winter months. From the point of view of air attack, the Swedish Colonel Kleen estimated in *Nya-Dagligt-Allehanda* that the Northern countries could advance 650 fighting planes into action. Many of these have been built in the Swedish Bofors factories and in the Finnish branches of Syvaskyla.

We have been discussing the Northern countries from the viewpoint of defense, but a counter-attack from the air is not inconceivable. Russia offers an easy objective within a short distance. Leningrad is thirty minutes from Viborg and the Leningrad-Murmansk railroad, the only one which connects Moscow and Leningrad with the North, passes within 100 miles of the Finnish frontier.

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II. Fourth Partition

Translated from the *Telegraaf*, Amsterdam Independent Daily

THE new Russo-German frontier which partitions Poland shows interesting points of similarity with Poland's eastern border as proposed at the Versailles Peace Conference. This border is the so-called Curzon Line, named after the member of the British delegation to the conference. The line which he proposed was accepted unanimously by the delegates.

That fact may serve as a starting point for a comparison between Poland's eastern border, as proposed in 1919, and the present frontier as delimited by Stalin in collaboration with Hitler.

The Curzon Line was not an inflexible line. It was merely a general plan the details of which were to be elaborated later by the governments of the new Poland and the U.S.S.R. In 1919–20 it was not deemed advisable to go farther before the people of Russia, who were still in the midst of a revolution, had an opportunity to regularize their political life and to express themselves regarding the final boundary line with Poland.

But Poland, intoxicated by her regained independence, could not forget her eminence in the past, when she held the Ukraine as far as Kiev. This was a territory dotted with Polish colonies. Post-War Poland, accordingly, demanded a wide stretch of land which was mainly inhabited by White Russians, and which extended to the line which until recently was the Soviet-Polish border. War broke out over these claims which, as it is known, brought the Soviet troops to the very gates of Warsaw. Later on, the famous retreat began, during which the Russians within a few weeks were hurled back by General Maxime Weygand almost to the 'Curzon Line.' A peace treaty was signed at Riga in October, 1920. This treaty established the frontier that was recognized until recently. It accorded to Poland all of Eastern Galicia, which since 1919 had been occupied by Polish troops, and which ethnically forms a part of the Ukraine. This incorporation of Eastern Galicia—which the 'Curzon Line' had put within Poland—was confirmed by the Ambassadors' Conference. Meanwhile Poland had further enlarged her territory by wresting Vilna from Lithuania, while eastern Upper Silesia had been relinquished by Germany in consequence of a plebiscite.

In the north the 'Curzon Line' started at the Lithuanian border, at the river Niemen, north of the fortified city of Grodno. The line then extended almost due south and reached the river Bug after a westward turn. Thereafter the frontier followed this river until it reached the former Austro-Russian border, which it followed along the rest of its course.

The new border which Russia has acquired since the destruction of Poland follows the 'Curzon Line' to some extent in its central section, *i.e.*, from a given point on the river Bug, northwest of Brest-Litovsk, until the point where the river crosses the old Austro-Russian (Galician) border. But north and south of this section the Russians have taken over extensive territories west of the 'Curzon Line.' With the exception of Suwalki, which Germany has incorporated in

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THE NEW FRONTIER

The heavy black line at the right traces the new German-Russian frontier established after the destruction of Poland. Note that in the north, roughly between Grodno and Brest-Litovsk, the Russian line bends sharply westward, making an awkward salient which is certain to irk—or tempt—East Prussians and Germans in German Poland. It is interesting to see, however, that except for this bulge, the new frontier follows approximately the so-called 'Curzon Line' delimited at Versailles. The key at the left gives the racial distribution in the area newly acquired by the Soviet Union on grounds that White Russians and Ukranians had been oppressed for twenty years by the Polish administrators. Note that this realignment now gives Hungary a common frontier with the Soviet Union.

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East Prussia, the Soviet Union has taken the entire northern triangle, with Bialystok as the most important center. In the south, beginning at the point where the river Bug crosses the Galician border, Stalin has pocketed—without regard for the 'Curzon Line'—Eastern Galicia as far as the river San. Thereby the U.S.S.R. has taken more than that part of Eastern Galicia which always was looked upon as belonging to the Ukraine.

As far as the new border follows the 'Curzon Line' it may be said that Russia has followed the line which England and France once accepted as the true Russo-Polish frontier. What has happened north and south is a different story. But here one may ask, to what degree are these two regions inhabited by Poles?

Dr. Isaiah Bowman, director of the American Geographical Society of New York, an expert in the field of political geography, asserts that a quadrangle, of which Grodno and Bialystok are the outposts, is inhabited by White Russians. A triangle to the west of this quadrangle is inhabited by a mixed population of Poles and White Russians. (The base of this triangle is formed by the river Narew.) The same holds true of the wide stretch of territory situated parallel and westward of the 'Curzon Line,' extending as far as the river Bug. But all the remainder of the occupied territory is marked as inhabited by Poles. As far as the newly acquired Galician territory is concerned, the extreme corner between the real Ukraine and the river San is inhabited by a mixed population, consisting of Poles and Ukrainians (Ruthenians). One small corner of this region is inhabited by a purely Ruthenian population.

In summarizing, it may be said that in the north Russia has to some extent violated the principle of national self-determination. Along the central part of the new frontier, which follows the river Bug, the Russians have occupied a line which others had laid down. In the south, with the exception of Eastern Galicia, which forms the western outpost of the Soviet Ukraine, Russia has seized a comparatively small territory containing a mixed population.

III. Exodus from the Baltics

By Eugène Schreider

Adapted from *Lumière*, Paris Radical Weekly

THE problem that has poisoned the peace of Europe during the twenty years between the two great wars is that of the minorities. The League of Nations was always deluged with protests from these minorities concerning the treatment inflicted upon them by the States in whose territories they lived. The solution proposed in the Treaty of Versailles, that all these compact groups be allowed the use of their language, worship of their faith and the free development of their culture, proved ineffective in practice. This illusive freedom was a factor that prevented the assimilation of the minorities into the countries in which they lived. But any such move toward

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De Groene Amsterdammer

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assimilation was called oppressive to these minorities.

One solution was proposed by Hitler. It was one that had already been tried in the South Tyrol and is now being attempted in Estonia and Latvia, whence wholesale emigration of the Baltic Germans is underway. Totalitarian Germany has characteristically tried to cut through the Gordian Knot. The principle of transplantation seems logical and reasonable on paper, but in practice all human feelings must be disregarded in favor of ethnic considerations.

The precipitous departure of the Baltic German minorities from Estonia and Latvia is, in spite of appearances, not the return of a colony to its mother country. The Germanic elements, established from the beginning of modern times among the Baltic population, were firmly entrenched, there. They lived as if in their native homes, as their Sudeten brothers did in Czecho-Slovakia. The Sudeten Germans were permitted to remain in their homes. But the Baltic Germans are being expatriated in obedience to an outside will which disregards their past or their future. There are an estimated 70,000 Germans in Latvia, 15,000 in Estonia and 35,000 in Lithuania. They are made to leave in haste, abandoning not only their property but also the family prestige achieved with so much effort by their ancestors. It is a pitiful end to an epic, all the stranger because this migration has been decreed in the name of Germanism.

II

What actually are these German minorities whose fate has placed them in the limelight of world affairs? They are known popularly as 'Baltic barons,' a noble and somewhat arrogant class of feudal proprietors who have long exploited their peasants. Conceivably that once was true. But today that picture is not accurate for it does not represent the element as a whole. Let us try to recapitulate their antecedents.

Toward the end of the Middle Ages, German trade was peaceably imposed upon the Lithuanian 'barbarians.' In the wake of the merchants came the missionaries who sought to 'civilize' the Lithuanian native. Here affairs became complicated. With the help of the troops dispatched by the Pope, a bishop built the city of Riga and achieved complete conquest of the country. In answer to the bishop's summons, German colonists came and preëmpted all the land. The noble lords built castles and made slaves of the natives. In this way the Teutonic order brought its domination across the Baltic coast, and German expansion continued until thrown back by the advance of the Russians proceeding westward. The regions conquered by the Germans have been held by them for six hundred years, and it must be admitted that in the beginning German domination in several ways was beneficent. But as often is the case, the 'protectors' finally solidified into a caste, became greedy of privileges and eager, above all, to retain their national characteristics.

Thus, even in the beginning of the last century the Baltic baron, supported by a long tradition, was still burdening the country with heavy taxes of feudal proportions. He found a powerful ally in the Russian administration. He reduced the agricultural workers to complete misery, controlled

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all village life, meted out savage punishment, and accumulated great riches.

That aspect of the German penetration left the darkest memories, but it belongs to the past, and unquestionably does not overweigh the benefits produced by the German colonists. In the present circumstances, it is particularly useful to remember the civilizing rôle of the Baltic Germans, which they fulfilled to a certain extent even up to the present time, and which now is ended by the will of the apostles of 'Nordic civilization.'

III

The 'Baltic baron' was not the only character in the German eastward expansion. In addition to the barons entrenched in their manors, the Germanic element was represented in the city by the bourgeoisie, the intellectuals, the writers, scientists and artists. Their influence was considerable, and they in their turn fulfilled a great historical task. These other colonists led a courageous struggle against Czarist oppression. One monument of their activity was the German University of Dorpat. It was a nursery of doctors and biologists, physicists and geologists. This center of thought with others made the Baltic countries a true hearthstone of German culture, a sort of intermediary between Western civilization and the growing scientific thought of Russia. Remembering chiefly the barons, we tend to forget the many intellectuals who enriched the heritage of the nation in which destiny placed them. One need only recall the name of Baer, one of the creators of experimental embryology, of purely German descent, who became one of the greatest Russian biologists.

The Revolutionary turmoil brought to the surface the residuum of German feudalism that persisted in the Baltic countries. But even that upheaval could not submerge the small islands of German culture that continued to exist. Today the exodus achieved by the prophets of the 'Nordic' idea has succeeded not only in compromising any Nazi effort at territorial expansion in the Baltic area but also has destroyed the intellectual Germanic element in that region.

If that is so, the question arises why has Germany ordered this emigration of 120,000 people whose interests are rooted in the Baltic area. The Nazis have shown some reluctance at explaining this unprecedented step, but on the surface there are two possible motives. The first is that the Reich needs even so relatively small an addition to its population as the foregoing figure represents, for industrial and agricultural development, and also for military purposes. The second is that, despite the new professions of friendship and neutrality between the Nazis and the Communists, Hitler is fearful that these Baltic Germans might become infected with Marxist ideas. He now also claims that with these Germans removed, the Baltic states will be permanently pacified.

But wholesale repatriation of the German minorities is one of the severest punishments that could be inflicted upon pan-German ambitions, for the tenets of German civilization cannot be disseminated by minorities now settled within Germany. Certainly it is a negation of the claim for *Lebensraum* that the Germans have hitherto advanced with such vehemence.

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Persons and Personages

Wilhelmina of the Netherlands

By William Parker

KAISER WILHELM of the withered arm once invited Queen Emma, mother of the present Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, to Potsdam, hoping to bully her into a military alliance. Although then quite young, Wilhelmina was taken on all state visits by her royal mother to see how other governments functioned.

'See,' boasted the Kaiser to Queen Emma and little Wilhelmina, 'my guards are seven feet tall and yours are only shoulder high to them. We could walk right over your country.'

'Quite true, Your Majesty,' spoke up youthful Wilhelmina thoughtfully, 'your guards *are* seven feet tall. But when we open our dikes, the water is ten feet deep.'

Today the Kaiser, a wearied man of eighty, is a permanent guest of the once little girl who failed to be frightened by him.

I cannot say with any degree of certainty that the country where this is being written today will be Holland by the time this article is in type, nor am I any more sure than the Hollanders themselves that it will be Holland a week, or even two days from now. But I do know that Queen Wilhelmina is not going to be bluffed by anybody's military bluster; and you are not going to pick up your morning newspaper and read that Holland has become in reality a 'protectorate' of another country which will use it as a jumping-off place to attack the Allies or the Axis Powers.

Holland wants no part in the totalitarian-democratic war, has vigorously refused offers of 'guarantee' of neutrality by both Germany and Great Britain, and will fight to the last dike to keep war off its soil. And this with the knowledge that either Germany or the Allies could make another Poland of Holland in from seven to ten days, or less. Whence comes this courage? From a woman.

Wilhelmina is a very simple and democratic person. She is short of stature, plump, has studious gray eyes, listens closely, asks a few pointed questions—and makes up her mind decisively. One might almost say 'obstinately,' though that would be unfair because her whole career as political ruler of the country is one of continuous social progress and economic expansion. How she has been able to keep the Netherlands Empire together almost wholly without a navy, and with hardly any

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army, and certainly without 'foreign entanglements,' is a mystery to many statesmen in other countries.

Her great charm is her democracy, and you find it reflected everywhere in Holland. You would not know she was 'in residence' at her Palace in The Hague were it not for the standard fluttering from the flag staff.

I went round to look at the palace, not so much as a sightseer but with journalistic curiosity: I wanted to see how many sandbags had been piled up in front of the palace, how many machine-guns had been mounted to protect Her Majesty and the Palace during this hour of crisis. I found two policemen standing in the roadway and two soldiers on sentry duty at a building which is hard to distinguish from any other large home.

'Are those two sentries something new, posted because of war peril?' I asked the Hollander friend who was with me.

'Not at all.' He smiled broadly. 'If you want, you can go into the palace and wander about as you please; nobody will stop you.'

The Queen occupies only a suite of rooms in this two-story building and she lives almost frugally yet her annual income is reputed to be the equivalent of $5,000,000. It is not that Queen Wilhelmina actually disapproves of social frivolity: she hasn't time for it. She reads every book bearing on her dominions, reads all state papers thoroughly when they are presented to her, and her word to her Ministers is final. That is not to say that the two houses of the parliament in this constitutional monarchy do not have a great deal to say in its administration.

Not only does she manage the affairs of government but she also manages her private fortune. Queen Wilhelmina is one of the largest stockholders in the Royal Dutch-Shell Oil Company, and this is one of the concerns upon which the hand of the British Government's economic blockade has fallen heavily. Holland itself could get along with about one-tenth of 1 per cent of the Royal Dutch-Shell oil which comes into Rotterdam and Amsterdam. The rest of it has been going to Germany and Central Europe, and the necessity of oil in this war is too obvious to require comment. Even with its alliance with Russia, Germany has nowhere near a sufficient supply of oil. Russia consumes the greater part of the oil it produces and Rumania, which made a spurt in oil production several years ago, now shows a definite decline in oil exports.

The Queen stands above all parties and her power is unlimited, for she has the absolute right of veto, which she never uses; not in any degree could she be likened to a dictator. But her position is unassailable, and in her the nation visualizes a descendant of William the Silent who led the Hollanders in the war against Spain, a war which lasted eighty years. She is quite ready for another war if any nation attempts to invade her.

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I asked one of Holland's foremost journalists what he thought about control of the press and control of thinking in some countries of the world today, and this is what he said:

'The Dutch stand on the principle that nobody should be obliged to think or do anything by command, that the individual has a right to have and express his own opinion and should use that right freely. That explains the objective attitude of our newspapers: they are forums of free speech. Our newspapers are not as big or as influential as those in other countries, but our people are quick to respond to "policies" in our press; and a few false statements in a Holland newspaper automatically put it out of business, for nobody will buy or read it.

'The Dutchman is a good, solid businessman who is content with a small profit, and he does not concern himself with other peoples' affairs. And for the same reason the Dutchman wants to be left alone and, especially, left to run his own country according to his own ideas and not on the basis of ideological ideas which would never fit the Dutch character.'

The political and economic atmosphere in Holland began to darken early this year, war clouds sweeping in from Eastern Europe. The Netherlands was slowly recovering from the world economic depression and was confronted with the necessity of voting large sums for national defense, thus adding to the treasury deficit. Holland's trade with Germany was showing substantial improvement, but only on paper. Germany was a big buyer and a poor payer.

Almost any morning one can see Queen Wilhelmina bicycling in The Hague wood, accompanied only by a lady-in-waiting, and barring a catastrophe in the political map of Western Europe, her successor will be seen bicycling there also, for Crown Princess Juliana was brought up to conform to all of the precise rules of behavior of her royal mother. Princess Juliana, born in 1909, was never allowed to follow in the footsteps of her father, Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was rather inclined to look on the gay side of life.

The Queen is fond of painting and some of her work has been publicly exhibited, but she doesn't like music and, while an omnivorous reader, finds little of interest in verse. Princess Juliana was permitted to meet whom she chose, read what she desired but was not allowed to smoke nor to go to the French theatre in The Hague, nor dance.

On January 7, 1937, Princess Juliana was married to Prince Bernhard of Lippe-Biesterfeld (Germany), who has since been created a Prince of Holland. He is a neutral in politics, a captain in the Dutch army, and a lieutenant, first-class, in the Dutch Navy.

When I asked a prominent Hollander what he supposed would happen to The Netherlands monarchy when the sands of time run out for

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Queen Wilhelmina, he replied, 'Queen Wilhelmina has been a good ruler and has run our country well. We are willing to let another woman rule.'

Lord Macmillan

Translated from *Match*, Paris Topical Weekly

THE room reserved for the journalists at the British Ministry of Information is the scene every day of a strange spectacle. There are about a hundred of them, British, American, French, Italian, Japanese, Australian, Swedish, Dutch, Yugoslav, etc.; each one, seated at his little desk, raps out his story on a typewriter which is usually surrounded by mountains of discarded papers. Rows of telephone booths stretch along the walls. When an important item of news arrives, someone rings the bell, as they do at Lloyds' when the sinking of a ship is announced. All conversation ceases and the noise of the typewriters dies away. Everybody listens silently to the news emitted by the loud speaker. Nobody is allowed to move until another bell is rung, at which point there is a general stampede to the telephones.

In this crowd of journalists, there are a few women, most of them very pretty, and a few men of color, who are not allowed to send out their articles in their native language because it is unknown to the censors, and who therefore must file their correspondence in English. There are a few freaks, among them one eminent American correspondent who every day, toward four o'clock, makes a sensationally noisy entrance, surrounded by two young reporters, a stenographer armed with three portable typewriters and a collection of all the day's newspapers, as well as a traveling library of dictionaries, encyclopedias, atlases and four quarts of Grade-A milk.

Almost every day the Minister of Information, Lord Macmillan, confers with the press in a special room, with many chairs and a platform, decorated by two immense maps, and numerous signs adjuring the newsmen not to smoke. Accordingly, everybody smokes, beginning with Lord Macmillan himself. The atmosphere is very smoke-laden and cordial, even though Lord Macmillan is not exactly the sort of man one slaps affectionately on the back.

The 'boss,' as he is called by his subordinates, who are, by the by, somewhat afraid of him, is the embodiment of sartorial perfection. He is the British gentleman fresh cut from the pages of the men's fashion

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magazines, in his black morning-coat, striped trousers, stiff collar and stock, which reminds one of Lord Macmillan's origin: he is the son of a Scotch clergyman. Something about the chief of the British Information Bureau makes one think of Mr. Pickwick. Of course, he has not the comfortable girth and the benignant countenance of Dickens's hero. Perhaps it is the ruddy, copper-like tint of his countenance, or the capacious mouth, which seems to hesitate between severity and a sort of suppressed grin.

Although Lord Macmillan is not a man of letters nor yet a publicist, he has written a good deal. He has written about everything in the world, on hundreds of legal questions, and on such diversified subjects as the sale of coal, on textiles and on maritime construction. He has been interested in chemistry and astronomy. He has belonged to all kinds of commissions, sub-commissions and sub-subcommissions. A Conservative, in 1924 he was in the Cabinet of Ramsay MacDonald as Lord Advocate for Scotland.

Lord Macmillan works at least twelve hours a day. He has had a bedroom installed next to his office to which he can retire for a few minutes when he is tired. But, in general, he prefers to get rid of his fatigue by stalking up and down his workroom, or taking a brisk walk through the corridors.

Lord Macmillan, in his present rôle, has been compared to Goebbels, an invidious comparison, to which he retorts: 'Goebbels is a professor of philology. It is fitting that he should be interested in the study of words because words can betray the truth as well as reveal it.' Nevertheless, he feels a profound antipathy for Dr. Goebbels. He calls him 'Hitler's marionette' and minimizes his propagandist power.

'If Goebbels were to speak against me in a trial of democracies versus dictatorships, he would be sure to lose.'

It is often remembered in England that Lord Macmillan spoke for five days in a famous trial. He is supposed to be able to speak at a rate of two hundred words a minute. He himself comments with a half-smile: 'My reason may totter, but my voice never gives way. And, after all, it is vocal endurance that counts in a trial.'

Lord Macmillan's reception of the press is not unmixed with acridity. 'The war of 1939,' he says, 'is not that of 1914. We must not use war language when speaking to the people; we must avoid the high-flown phrase. Use direct, simple words. It is not with rhetorical flowers that we will convince the neutrals.'

He has not very tender feelings toward amateur journalists, men of letters or polemicists who want a by-line at any price. He feels that they write not to enlighten the public, but to get their own names in the papers.

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After the conference with Lord Macmillan has ended, the correspondents return to their work, which sometimes keeps them at the tables of the press room for an entire night. Interrupting their work are long intermissions while the censors read their articles. In theory, there is no censorship for the British press, and the journalists are supposed to submit their articles to the censor voluntarily, solely to escape liability under the so-called Official Secrets Act. But it is different where the foreign press is concerned. There is a censor for articles in every known language; he looks over the communications going to Paris, Oslo, Rome or Helsingfors, and listens to correspondents' stories sent by telephone, being empowered to cut off the connection if some 'untoward' sentence is used. The corps of the censors is headed by Vice-Admiral Cecil Vivian Osborne, an amiable and courteous man who directed the Naval Intelligence during 1930–32. The censors maintain the most amiable relations with all the journalists. Fortunately, they have a sense of humor, and are the first to smile at the pleasantries with which the Minister of Information is constantly bombarded, and of which the following story is an example:

An editor of a large newspaper answers the telephone and hears: —

'Minister of Information speaking. Can you give me some information on. . . ?'

An Interview with Nobile

By J. D. Bowerstock

From the *Standard*, Montreal Independent Daily

'I WOULD rather have died on the ice in the Arctic than live through the years of ostracism and disgrace by my country which followed the crash of the *Italia* and the subsequent events and criticism the last eleven years.'

Umberto Nobile, commander of the ill-fated dirigible, was talking. Now gray and bald, the deep-set eyes of the one-time Italian hero revealed the strong emotions within his heart.

Once he had been hailed as the hero of his country. Then came the crash of *Italia*, public rebuke and a life of misery and solitude. But he said he was happier now than he had been for many years. He was looking forward to his new task as head of the engineering department of the school, a job obtained for him through his friendship with the late Pope Pius XI.

At first he preferred not to talk of the *Italia* disaster. So he related the events of the flight of the *Norge* over the North Pole to Alaska in 1926

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when he served as navigator for Roald Amundsen, the noted Norwegian explorer who later lost his life in an attempted rescue of Nobile following the crash of the *Italia*.

'I could have retired after that flight in the *Norge*. I had fame. I had honor. I had the love and respect of my countrymen. I could have lived a life of peace and enjoyment on what I had accomplished.

'But I wanted to do more. There was yet much to be learned in the Arctic. So I organized the second expedition with the *Italia*. But had I ever thought such an ending would come to that second expedition—that this should happen to me? But they were wrong, they were wrong, and they never gave me a chance to defend myself against those ugly charges.'

The 54-year-old hero and explorer picked up a piece of paper from the desk. He found the stub of a pencil and his hand trembled slightly as he traced a crude map of the vast Arctic regions as one might draw a plot of a back yard. He was preparing to illustrate the flight course of the *Italia*, the crash, the rescue. He indicated the base of operations. King's Bay, Spitsbergen. The lead of the pencil formed a dot. 'The North Pole,' he said.

Then he started drawing a line from King's Bay. It was the course of the *Italia*. The pencil line touched Greenland, then headed for the top of the world.

'Our three engines were roaring their challenge to the icy wastelands. Then we were over the Pole, success at last.'

The weather changes rapidly in the Arctic and the plan to have Nobile and two men land on the ice to make meteorological observations had to be abandoned. A cross, given to Nobile by Pope Pius XI to be dropped at the Pole, was tossed overboard. Nobile then revealed the first mistake.

'Knowing the weather was bad for the return flight to King's Bay, and the ship would have to fight headwinds on the 800 mile trip, I proposed the best thing to do would be to head for MacKenzie, 1,200 miles away on the North American continent. We would have had favorable winds and all been safe. But it would have meant the dismantling of the ship and ended the possibility of any more flights.

'There was a discussion of which course to take as the ship hovered over the top of the world. Dr. Finn Malmgren, the Swedish meteorologist, maintained the thing to do was return to King's Bay. I consented, although it was against my better judgment.

'The result of that decision was the crash!

'We headed the big bag for King's Bay in a northland enshrouded in fog, blinding snow and ice. I ordered the ship flown low, beneath the fog as we battled our way against the terrific headwinds. We were about

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sixty miles from the coast of Spitsbergen when I felt the ship losing altitude. We were headed for a crash on the ice.

'It was all a matter of seconds. The stern of the ship struck first, crushing the rear engine and killing the man in the nacelle. The big ship bounced forward and as the bow struck, the control cabin, in which seven others and I were riding, was smashed to bits on the ice. We were a scrambled and injured pile of humans strewn on the ice floe.

'We came to and saw the bag floating away in the severe wind with seven men aboard. And those men and the dirigible never have been found. My right leg and arm were broken. My engineer, Natale Coccioni, suffered a broken leg and Dr. Malmgren was injured.

'Then one of the men found the emergency-radio sending and receiving equipment, which had been dumped out with us when the cabin struck. Good fortune stroked us again when one of the men found the emergency bag I had planned to take on the ice with me at the Pole. There was the little red tent, medical supplies, concentrated foodstuffs for three men for a week.

'After four days, we had failed to get our radio signals through and Dr. Malmgren, Captain Alberto Mariano and Captain Fillippo Zappi started to walk for help.'

Nobile wiped the perspiration from his brow. He was touching upon another sore spot as an aftermath of the expedition. Charges later developed, but were never proved, that there were acts of cannibalism by the two Italians after the death of the Swedish meteorologist. The allegations brought further criticism against the commander of the expedition. The five remaining men at the 'red tent' camp fought desperately for their lives. Both Nobile and Coccioni were incapacitated by their injuries. The other three worked desperately with the radio and finally the camp was sighted by a Swedish rescue plane. Supplies were dropped.

In the meantime, the explorer Amundsen, who had forgotten the quarrel with his former navigator on the *Norge*, when Nobile got most of the credit for the 1926 dirigible flight, had set out with five others in a French seaplane to attempt to find the stranded Italian explorer and his party. But the brave Norwegian and his party died in the attempted rescue.

'Then one day out of the sky appeared a tiny plane equipped with skis,' Nobile continued. 'It landed on the ice near us and the pilot, Lieutenant Einar Paal Lundborg, a Swedish army flier, never even turned off the engine. He came to the tent.'

Here Nobile displayed even more excitement. His deep-set eyes pierced his questioner's and he became dramatic.

'He said I was to go with him, I said no, he was to take the others first; he should take Coccioni first. He argued he had orders to take me

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and the injured first and that Coccioni, who weighed 14 stone, was too heavy for the light plane. The others argued with me to go. I was needed at the base to direct the rescue of the others who had been carried away in the dirigible.

'Then I thought: "I am no good here. My leg and arm are broken, I could be of no help at the camp." (He stood up and showed how the right leg had been left crooked by the break.) But here (and he tapped his forehead) I could be of assistance. I could direct them from the hospital. So they took me away from the camp, and all would have been well except that the pilot, on his return to the camp, got a little too confident in landing under difficult circumstances. The plane nosed over and was damaged beyond repair. So Lundborg was marooned with the other four, and for more than three weeks they awaited the rescue which was finally accomplished by the ice-breaker *Krassin*, which also luckily found the two Italians who had started out with Dr. Malmgren.

'I did what was right. It was the only thing to do. Yet they said I should have been the last off the ice. My friend Amundsen is gone. Others are gone. All went wrong. And they blamed it all on me. But did I have a chance to defend myself? Never. The commission said I acted in poor judgment!'

Nobile became silent, and his eyes watered. He had said more than he had said for years. He walked from the room, apparently sorry he had let himself talk so freely. But he had been sincere and convincing.

These last eleven years have definitely made their impress on the physical and mental being of Nobile. He was whiling away his years in a small flat near the Tiber. He was attempting to endure the fate of failure and few dared visit him. Pope Pius XII appealed to Cardinal Mundelein in Chicago to find a place in America where the ostracized Nobile could work and find peace and happiness. It was at the little Catholic aeronautical school thirty-five miles southwest of Chicago where underprivileged boys are given an opportunity to become educated in aviation mechanics and flight. The former Italian general took the job with delight and went there last July.

He is finding already the happiness and friendships he desired so much in his native land. The students at the school, who refer to him as 'the General,' are lending a sympathetic spirit to this lonely man of the world whose knowledge of aeronautical engineering, backed by his years of experience in dirigible building for many nations, will be imparted to them in class work. At present, he is learning to call the hundred boys in the school by their first names.

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A vivid account of a U-boat's activity in the days of the First World War.

Up Periscope!

By MARTIN NIEMÖLLER

[*Dr. Martin Niemöller, the German Lutheran pastor of Berlin-Dahlen, has been a controversial figure since his arrest in July, 1937, by the Nazis on charges of sedition. Today he remains in prison, his plea for naval service ignored. Less well-known to the American public than his opposition to Nazi control of the churches are this pastor's experiences during the World War as a U-boat commander. The following is an excerpt from Dr. Niemöller's book, 'From U-boat to Pulpit'.**—THE EDITORS]

I DID not have long to wait for a command, for I had joined at a time when several junior submarine commanding officers had been ordered to take over new types of underseas craft. So it came about that in May, 1917, I got my boat, the UC67. I was lucky in securing Sub-Lieutenant Karli Topp of Lippstadt as my executive officer. He was a fellow-townsman and old playmate of mine. The only snag was that the UC67 had first to complete a long refit which would last all through the month of May.

The UC37, commanded by Lieutenant Kümpel, was to sail with us from Brioni, on the Dalmatian coast, on the night of June 30–July 1. At 10 P.M. we reported both boats ready for sea and cast off, accompanied by the cheers of our comrades in arms.

A sirocco had been blowing the previous day and the sky was covered with a white cloud; the air was heavy as lead and there was an ominous absence of wind. Toward night the wind blew up and spray came over the bridge. The visibility was so hopeless that neither we nor the enemy were likely to see each other.

In this way we made good progress, but at 2:30 A.M. a destroyer on our starboard beam is seen making straight for us. 'Crash dive!' As we go down we wonder whether she really spotted us. We hear her propellers overhead, but no depth charges are dropped; evidently she has not noticed us. Shortly afterward we come up

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and cover a good distance before daybreak.

We now run into further trouble. Between the coast of Italy at Cape Santa Maria di Leuca and the northern extremity of Corfu, a stout steel net has been rigged, its upper edge a fathom under water so that it is just possible to scrape over it on the surface, while the lower edge is a good 200 feet under water, making it difficult to dive under. This net has already caused the loss of several of our submarines.

At daybreak we sight the drifters and motorboats guarding the net barrage to the south. We have to hug the coast of Corfu in order to slip through the opening near it. It means submerging to periscope depth. Toward noon we steer for the opening at 190 feet, while a number of patrol vessels cruise overhead. Depth charges are dropped, but they explode far from us and by 4 P.M. we are safely through the Straits of Otranto.

II

Our operation orders are simply: 'Lay a mine-field off Marseilles; destroy commerce along the French coast.'

We spend the next two days steaming toward Malta on a southwesterly course. Once we sight smoke on a parallel course and our superior speed enables us to approach the ship for an attack. Everything works out perfectly, but our torpedo does not leave its tube, for we are dealing with a large and shallow-draft submarine-chaser, with lots of heavy depth charges on her quarterdeck. If she is wanting us to fire torpedoes under her, in order to smother us with depth charges, she had better get on without making our acquaintance.

In the forenoon we are between Malta and the southeast corner of Sicily, where another surprise awaits us; aircraft are patrolling the lines of communication. Is this a new form of anti-submarine protection? We proceed under water for a couple of miles to avoid being sighted and reported. When we come up we see a submarine which we cannot clearly identify as ours. The recognition signals for today are a red and white star as challenge and a double green star as reply. We fire our challenge. Has she seen it? . . . A minute later comes the reply: green, green! Soon we are within hail of UC73. She is homeward bound and tells us that shipping for the eastern Mediterranean is going south of Malta and between Pantelleria and Cape Bon. It is as well that we hear this. We show our gratitude to the lieutenant in charge by sending him a bottle of brandy on a heaving line. With another 'Cheerio' we both continue on our way. After dark we alter course south in order to arrive between Cape Bon and Pantelleria by the time the next day breaks.

On the next morning Pantelleria is on our starboard bow. We steam north at slow speed and keep a sharp lookout. The sea is fairly smooth and the horizon is clear. Nothing in sight. Patience. Wait and see.

Our patience is rewarded. At 8 A.M. Sub-Lieutenant Topp reports smoke right ahead. I interrupt my breakfast and go to the bridge. There is a large number of columns of smoke and they keep increasing. Then the masts are visible and we see a convoy coming toward us. About twenty steamers, escorted by an equal num-

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ber of patrol vessels, which include a yacht with a kite balloon, destroyers and trawlers. Everything imaginable and making straight for us!

After a good look around we submerge and approach the armada at slow speed. There are five columns of four steamers each, it would seem. We are on their right flank and it looks as if we will slide between the two right-hand columns of steamers, so that we might bag two of them with torpedoes from our bow and stern tubes—if the escort do not prevent us and if our torpedoes run true. The distance decreases rapidly and the leading escort, a trawler, is now passing us. It is time to alter course and we slowly turn eastward. Then a signal is hoisted by all the ships and, as it is hauled down a couple of minutes later, the whole convoy alters course east. 'Port twenty! Full ahead both! Hydroplanes zero!'

Now it is only a question of a bow shot at the last ship, and even this is open to doubt. 'Slow both! Up periscope!' Yes, we can do it. The only escort ship that might threaten us is a full five cables' length off. 'Down periscope!—No. 1 tube ready!—Up periscope!'—60, 90, 130 feet. Explosion hit! The phonograph in the fore peak plays: '*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!*' A hundred and sixty feet.

Depth charge! Out go the lights and fuses. Crockery breaks. 'Switch on emergency lights!' 'Boat at one hundred ninety feet, sir!' We are on the hand gear for everything, to avoid noise. Another couple of big depth charges explode near us, then all is quiet overhead. We run on for a mile and a half to the north and then rise slowly to periscope depth. 'Up periscope!'

There lies the steamer with one—no, two—trawlers alongside, taking off her crew. The convoy is steaming east, north of Pantelleria, as hard as it can.

Topp, Arnoldi, the navigating warrant officer and the rest of them also take a peep through the periscope. When I get to it again the steamer has sunk and both trawlers are steaming east, but several patrol vessels are approaching from Cape Bon and a seaplane is also in sight. There can therefore be no question of coming up yet and we run north under water for several more miles.

At 11 A.M. things seem more peaceful and we surface. Soon both oil engines are running and we are off to Marseilles. Anyhow, we have sunk the first steamer—a fine ship of at least four thousand tons. Nationality? Probably British, as the French would have taken survivors westward to Tunis or Bizerta.

III

Just before noon I relieve the navigating warrant officer to allow him to take his noon sight and as I look round I see a black spot against the sun. A plane! 'Crash dive!' The watch tumble down into the conning tower, the automatic vents whistle and the water gurgles round the conning tower: 30, 40 feet! Crash! Explosion aft. Crash! Another over the conning tower, knocking me off my feet and throwing me against the side. A three-inch stream of water follows. Crash! Explosion for'ard.

The engine room reports: 'Water coming in through E. R. hatchway.' Only that was wanting! We are at 65 feet and going down rapidly. Thank goodness! The E. R. reports the leak

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stopped. All seems to be well in the fore part of the boat.

Two men are working in the conning tower to plug the hole in the deckplates. They succeed pretty well in checking the inflow of water.

We bob up and down between 130 and 90 feet. The regulating tank has been pumped out, but we must now empty the bilges, even if it means a telltale patch of oil on the surface, because the boat is still far too heavy. What is to be done?

I study the chart and we alter course eastward toward the Adventure Bank west of Malta, where the soundings are below 200 feet and where it is possible to lie on the bottom, if necessary, to carry out repairs.

I go into the engine room and am told that the hatch was blown open by the first detonation, allowing a huge volume of water to pour through, but that the pressure of the water then jammed the hatch down so tightly that not another drop came through.

The pilot of the seaplane appears to think that he has destroyed us with his three bombs, so he does not trouble us further. We do not, however, know what is going on overhead and our hydrophones are not to be relied upon after these explosions. We cannot therefore tell whether any patrol vessels are near us.

A thorough examination of the boat establishes the cause of her excessive heaviness. The lead-in pipe, a heavy steel tube enclosing the lead-in from the aërial aloft, has a leaky valve and has filled with water. The damage might have been far more serious, but even so it is quite bad enough.

At about 4 P.M. we come up to 60 feet to take a look round. 'Up periscope!' Bump, bump, bump . . . nothing further happens and the motor stops. 'Couple up the hand gear!' But the periscope will not budge and all our efforts to move it prove useless.

'Up spare periscope!' It actually rises! A good thing to have a spare periscope. 'Rise to thirty feet!' As I look into the periscope I see nothing but pitch-black darkness. So the spare periscope is also done in. 'Go down to ninety feet!—Down periscope!' We now feel really uneasy; a submarine without a periscope ceases to be a submarine and is merely a blind cripple.

There is nothing to be done—we must wait for nightfall. Four hours slowly pass and as a further precaution we circle round for a few hundred yards. 'Stop both!'—'All quiet in the boat! Listen!' All ears are laid against the boat's sides to pick up any sound. Everything remains quiet. We repeat the procedure at 50 feet and still hear nothing. Well then . . . 'Blow all tanks! Surface!'

Hardly is the conning tower clear of the water than I tear the hatch open and scramble through. The night is dark and the sea slight, with nothing to be seen. 'Blow everything!'

IV

Topp takes over the watch and I accompany Arnoldi along the upper deck. First we examine the E. R. hatch with the aid of an electric torch; yes, some of the tumbler bolts for securing it have carried away. A few fragments of metal lie around, otherwise all is well. We go forward and look into the mine tubes. Here also bomb fragments are scattered and the upper mine in No. 1 tube has its top

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crushed in like a child's rubber ball. It might be best not to lay these mines; they might go off prematurely. And now for the conning tower. The insulating bush of the lead-in tube is shattered, so the lead-in pipe is done for. The main periscope is projecting about three feet and is jammed. We manage to extract a couple of bomb fragments from its tube, but cannot get it to budge. There is no visible damage to the forward spare periscope; the defect must therefore be an optical one. It is obvious that we must now make for home.

At nightfall two days later we are off the entrance to the Straits of Otranto, having timed our arrival so as not to cross the first line of patrols until after dark to avoid submerging as far as possible. The three of us on the conning tower peer into the darkness. We get past the patrols safely and must now be approaching the great net. Sure enough, soon after 9:30 P.M. we sight a motorboat and turn east. A cable's length farther we see a second—and so we go, finding one boat after another, spaced so close together as to preclude any possibility of breaking through on the surface without being seen. Our minds are made up for us by a motorboat which approaches so close as to compel us to dive. There is no help for it now. We turn sixteen points to avoid fouling the net and then steer north at 190 feet.

After having passed the net without noticing it, we go on for the rest of that night at 90 feet, and then during the whole of the next day at 160 to 190, at a speed of three knots. Now and again we hear depth charges far away. If their sound gets nearer we alter course slightly. Beyond that, the day passes peacefully and monotonously. There can be no question of coming up, for we are both blind and deaf.

V

A gentle hum is heard through the boat: the ventilating system has been started up. From noon onward we release oxygen at intervals. Strictly speaking, the ship's company, with the exception of the few E. R. and control room watchkeepers, should be turned in. But we do not feel like turning in, we are too preoccupied. The hands of the clock over the little chart-table in the control room move slowly round; mile after mile is reeled off; overhead the sun must be setting as daylight turns to dusk. Every hour we pump a little water from the regulating tank, during which process the hum of the pump is heard for a few minutes. The hydroplanes are scarcely audible; they, together with the vertical rudder, have been changed over to hand gear to save our electric current and to avoid any noise which might be picked up by enemy hydrophones.

Every three or four seconds a drop of water trickles down the main periscope and splashes down into the periscope well. Little is said and for several minutes at a time no word is spoken. Our thoughts are far from the straits of Otranto, in our distant homes, and beyond them again in a land where peace reigns supreme.

Is there peace anywhere? Will peace come to us—or shall we, like the Flying Dutchman, spend year after year at sea without rest or respite? And we are, as ever, faced by the eternal questions: life, the universe and God. These questions are not prompted by

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curiosity—they force themselves on us. All we know is that we have not found the answers to them.

At 8 P.M.—'Diving stations!' The call goes through the boat like a breath of fresh air and the questions which occupied the crew's thoughts and spirits so deeply are temporarily forgotten. We live our life, even if we do not know what comes after it. We are cogs in the world's mechanism, even if its purpose is not revealed to us. We hear an order and are responsible for its execution; our life, which is so incomprehensible to us, is to hear and to obey.

Yes, that is the real purport of life!—to hear, to receive an order, a command, and to obey it! 'Rise to sixty-five feet!'

We repeat our desperate attempts to utilize the enforced silence to try and pick up any sounds of the outer world through the hull plating. Then we come up to 45 feet; everything is peaceful and quiet.

'Surface! Blow all tanks!' Up we come, after twenty-two hours under water. The conning-tower hatch is pushed up. Less than a mile astern is a patrol vessel steaming at low speed. There is no help for it; we must submerge again and alter course considerably to shake off our unpleasant follower. Have we by any chance a leaky fuel tank which is leaving a tell-tale trail on the smooth surface of the water?

The hands of the clock crawl round at a snail-like pace. The damp heat in the boat makes the perspiration pour off our faces. At last, at last it is 9 o'clock . . . 60 feet . . . . 45 feet. . . . 'Surface!' It is quite dark and we are alone. A nocturnal trip up the Adriatic; we go 'all out.' At daybreak we steer a zigzag course, for weather conditions favor an attack by hostile submarines; the wind of force 4 and a slight sea might easily prevent us from spotting the track of a torpedo in good time. Toward evening we are off the entrance to the Bocche and fire the recognition signal.

We spend a day with our flotilla and return our mines, most of which, it now appears, are damaged and no longer serviceable. When the torpedo is to be drawn from No. 2 tube it cannot be moved forward or back; the whole tube has been distorted by the force of the explosion of that last sea-plane bomb. One more defect. So my first independent operation ends two days later at Pola Dockyard where all our hurts are to be healed.

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Some pertinent facts about Manchukuo, Japan's land of promise; the effects of the European war on Far Eastern trade; problems facing Americans in Shanghai.

New Patterns *in* Asia

I. New Empire Builders

By E. Wallace Moore

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Monthly

I AM an American. If for some reason I were suddenly faced with a problem the solution of which demanded that I change my nationality, I should do so with the deepest regret, for the reason that I honestly believe that being an American citizen is the most advantageous and the happiest national connection anybody can possess.

I make this statement because of what follows; because I wish to make certain comparisons between my own country and another which I recently visited.

Manchukuo is Asia's crossroad, China's vanished dream, Russia's lost pearl of great price and Japan's land of promise. Across its 460,383 square miles of open country, more than once again the size of present-day France, have trekked the various tribes of the Ural Altai group. Its remotest fastnesses felt the spell of Genghis Khan, and even today, of all the Mongols, the Khalkas, the original stem from which all other Mongol tribes branched off, still dominate, especially in the southern regions of the new State.

It is a long story, one strewn with the debris of thwarted racial hopes, broken pledges, unspeakable cruelties; the struggle among the great Powers to share in the rich loot; a picture where is clearly traced white man's greed, and yellow man's inordinate fear of him, a fear based on unpreparedness, but eventually terminating in a 'delimitation of white man's sphere according to the likes of Japan, in a division of Manchuria into a Russian north and a Japanese south.' This establishment of a *status quo*, as it were, was the result of the Russo-Japanese war which took the form of an agreement signed in January 1907.

These events had the effect of uniting the Oriental races, and it was this

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racial harmony that I looked for in Manchuria, because upon it rests the national security of the newly established State of Manchukuo. To say that I found it would be denying the truth. But to say that it was not in the process of creation would be equally untruthful.

It is an undeniable fact that until the Japanese took a hold of Manchuria with an iron grip, there was no unity of purpose, no central ruling force strong enough to be termed an efficient government operating for the benefit of Manchurians as such. Rather there existed a state of continual shoving and pushing from this sphere of influence or that, always contributing to a more or less general demoralization, corruption and maladministration of a vast territory.

II

Strange as it may seem, this very ancient stretch of land, across whose soil the weary feet of millions upon millions of humans have tramped their way before America was even known to exist, reminded me of nothing so much as my own young country, and in addition that part of it which is the least developed and still flaunts some of the virtues of virgin territory. Yes, Manchuria made me think of the Far West of the United States. There it lay, a vast, tawny-colored plateau with a steel vein running up the middle of it, for all the world like the homeless, treeless plains of western Utah, southern Nevada, and the dry, sandy stretches of eastern California.

Yes, everything about Manchuria suggested home to me. The deep blue sky, the flood of sunshine, the purple haze that swathed the horizon, the tawny ground, the emptiness, the great uninhabited stretches. Further, Manchuria is today to Japan what the Far West was to the United States in the days of Stanford and Huntington, and is undergoing the same sort of transformation the West of the United States passed through. The great difference resides in the methods applied to produce the same kind of results, the industrialization of a hitherto untouched territory.

Just as in my own country the railway preceded other development, so in Manchuria the first effort has been concentrated upon a means of transportation. Today under the name of the South Manchuria Railways (S. M. R.) all means of transportation have been united. The exploitation of natural resources in Manchuria coincided with and ran parallel to the construction of new rail lines. This condition also prevailed in the formative period of the West in the United States, but here I was made to see quite clearly how different were the fumbling labors, the grand hopes of those brave men and women who pioneered the regions beyond the Mississippi compared to the methodical, state-directed plans and devices in use in Manchuria to extract the speediest and most economically efficient results from a modern totalitarian project.

I reverted in memory to the ambitious undertakings of Americans in a land where individuals are free, utterly free to shift for themselves, and I tried to picture what Manchukuo would be like at the end of a period of eight years if it had been handled in the American way. I must confess the decision was all in favor of the system which produced what I saw.

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On the wharfs in Dairen, at the stations in Mukden, Hsinking, Kirin, I was struck by the regulated actions of scores of uniformed persons who operated as one man toward one end, the proper transportation of the public. No train even a minute late. Firm but courteous attention when needed from the guards, much deference to authority, true, but no neglect of the ordinary traveler.

But it was really not until I dipped into the subject of Manchukuo's industrial expansion that I understood the full powers of a State vested with paternalistic rights. In March 1933 the Government of Manchukuo proclaimed a national economic policy of control, and set forth a plan which was to cover five years, during which time the new State was to expand the nation's productive capacity and lay a sound foundation for future development in all lines of endeavor. The thing sounded entirely too big to me when I was first told about it. Had I not seen with my own eyes iron and steel plants, sugar factories, coal liquefaction plants, ores converted into metallic magnesium, caloric heat transformed into electricity, wood pulp and bean stalks changed into paper and cloth, tobacco leaves into cigarettes, to say nothing of the soya bean which is transformed into an infinite variety of necessary and useful products, soda, salt, zinc and copper ready for the market, I would have believed none of this. To bring order out of chaos would be something in itself, to build railroads, harbors, docks, open mines, extract ores, develop great tracts of farming land, construct factories, schools, hospitals, homes, public buildings, and a whole city to boot, and do all this simultaneously on an enormous scale—really it appeared like a far-fetched tale I might be reading about in Hans Andersen's story book.

Well, Manchukuo has done it, and done it magnificently, not perfectly, of course, but magnificently. As the end of the first five years of the construction program approached, plans for a second and new five-year plan were evolved (1936). While the first plan laid the foundations for the second one, the second period construction program has been designed to serve to develop resources deemed necessary for Manchukuo's national defense, and to produce self-sufficiency of goods consumed within the country. The second five-year plan is known as the Five-Year Industrial Plan and is just that.

III

How could an impoverished, new State bring all this about? Quite obviously it could not. Back of the setting up of the Manchukuo State was Japan. Japanese financial resources, backed by military authority, brought these industrial enterprises into being, and nothing shall serve to swerve those in control from their original purpose of seeing these plans through. Behind each Manchukuoan government and army official of importance, behind every key position, in short, stands a Japanese adviser; their number exceeds 600, each man seasoned in his particular line. It is difficult for any American, by training and inheritance steeped in the idea of individual rights, to believe that any country could thrive and its people be happy where a man, as such, is merely an insignificant part of a whole, where he is forced to surrender his private

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liberty and personal judgment for the welfare of the community.

It has often occurred to me that if the type of State which is termed totalitarian were ever to become a permanent success, no people on the globe would be better fitted to make the most of it than the Japanese, and because the totalitarian aspect is so very pronounced in Manchukuo, one has a splendid opportunity to size up its virtues as a mode of government, as well as its shortcomings. No type of authoritative rule is perfect, nor is this one. It has its imperishable merits, but it also has its very evident weak spots.

As to Japan's aspirations in Manchuria, it appeared to me from all I could gather, that her one and pressing aim is to develop the country industrially and for Japan's own benefit, and by so doing benefit the country in which the various enterprises find root.

In spite of my incurable aversion to curtailment of personal liberty I came away from Manchuria more than ever convinced that the Japanese, when they put their heads to it, are magnificent entrepreneurs, and sober, diligent colonists, and that in the course of years their works will contribute much to the stability and enlightenment of the Orient. Also I was led to wonder whether what I had seen in Manchukuo was not precisely what would take place in northern China after the termination of hostilities there: regimentation, strict supervision, wanted or otherwise, but order, education, cleanliness, security, and great industrial enterprise.

II. Reverberations in the East

By John Ahlers

From the *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai English-Language Weekly

ALL of the Far Eastern countries have been immediately and greatly affected, in various directions, by the outbreak of another Great War in Europe. The first war effects out here are not uniform, and it is still too early for the situation to indicate general lines along which the European War will influence the war between Japan and China, and Far Eastern economy on the whole. Nevertheless, some early trends of new developments may be roughly summarized as increasing import difficulties and improving export prospects, with the former enhanced and the latter impaired by shortage and high cost of shipping and maritime insurance.

Chinese and Japanese imports from Germany are bound to be cut extremely short, and may possibly vanish altogether. The Anglo-French blockade of the German west coast prevents shipments from German ports to the Far East, and all German shipping services on the high seas have been interrupted. There remains a possibility of German exports in transit *via* Scandinavia, the Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and the Balkan States, but the Allies certainly will take steps to oppose such German exports, and in the case of the smaller of the aforementioned countries probably with early success. A serious German export possibility

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appears to be only the shipment of German goods *via* Italian ports in Italian and Japanese ships, and this possibility still has to be explored.

Anyhow, the war in Europe is likely to put German economy under such a strain that Germany will be unable to export many of the items which she used to sell abroad. This should apply in particular to machinery, metal ware, iron and steel, as well as to many chemicals. In these goods, Germany held a strong share in Far Eastern imports, and a drying-up of this source of supplies will be strongly felt out here. Japanese industrialization schemes in Manchuria as well as the war industries of Japan proper also will have to curtail expansion plans since these plans were based upon the expectation of supplies from Germany. In genuine war materials, in the narrower sense, Germany's import share in Japan of late has been but very small, though it continued to be substantial in free China. Germany will hardly be able to export war materials to China now, and even if she did, such material could not be transported to China in transit *via* British Burma and Hong Kong, or French Indo-China.

The United Kingdom and France keep open their maritime trade routes, but British and French industries will be so heavily employed in the production of war and other materials for domestic war consumption that shipments from these countries of many goods regularly imported by Japan and China no longer will be forthcoming to the same extent as before. Many European neutrals, as well as the United States, will find new highly profitable war markets in the belligerent countries, and are likely to neglect exports to the Far East. The start of a war boom in American heavy industries upon the basis of new European war orders, in particular, is bound to become a great handicap to Japan, who secured no less than two-thirds of her foreign war supplies in the United States.

Another new import obstacle in the Far East is the new price situation which results from the recent devaluation of the British pound by almost 15 per cent. The Japanese allowed their yen to join in that devaluation by keeping their currency pegged to the pound at the former rate. The major part of Japanese imports, the yen bloc trade not considered, is derived from countries which have not devaluated their currencies. The United States, inclusive of Hawaii and the Philippines, account for 48 per cent of Japan's non-yen bloc imports, and for these imports from the U.S.A. Japan at present has to pay, as expressed in yen, almost 20 per cent more than only three months ago.

In China, the recent wild fluctuations of the foreign exchange rates for Chinese currency obscure the picture. Devaluating and non-devaluating countries each share about one-half in the country's imports. The pound, however, even today remains too expensive to permit the continuation or resumption of many imports from the sterling bloc countries, and imports from countries which recently refused to devaluate meet with correspondingly greater obstacles.

II

The extremely precarious exchange situation both in Japan and China has been further tightened by recent

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currency developments. China's financial intercourse with the outside world was further disturbed by the introduction of foreign exchange control in Hong Kong. It remains to be seen whether the Chinese financial interests now centering in that British Crown Colony will not be compelled to emigrate to Manila, and thus to change from British to American protection and facilities.

On the other hand, there are consoling prospects of a stronger world demand for various Far Eastern products. Hopeful prospects for the war business of all the countries east of Suez might be derived, to a certain extent, from the outlook for an at least partial war boom in the United States. The New York Stock Exchange reacted upon the start of the new European War with a sharp advance in stock prices. [*Prices rose further during the discussion of the arms embargo, the repeal of which finally took place on November 3.*]

The United States is the best client of most of the eastern countries, whose business situation and economic development are dependent, to a large extent, upon economic developments in the United States. Time and again it has been shown that a depression in the United States results in a depression out here, and that boom conditions in America almost immediately assist in reviving business in the Far East.

First to profit from increased European and American demand for Far Eastern raw materials will be the colonial countries in the south, *i.e.*, British Malaya, the Netherlands Indies, French Indo-China, and to a certain degree also Siam (rubber, tin). China also has a series of raw materials to offer which are likely to be in strong demand, notably wolfram ore, antimony, tin, wood-oil, silk and bristles, hides, skins, the vegetable oils. There is, however, the great difficulty of getting out of the country more produce and metals than Free China as well as the Japanese-occupied areas manage to export at present. The Japanese, in all probability, will feverishly collect all sorts of export goods in the Yangtze Valley, under all sorts of compulsion and expropriation, in order to realize foreign exchange.

III

Japan has to offer for export only a single raw material suited, in certain qualities, for war purposes, namely silk. Raw silk is of importance for the manufacture of parachutes, balloons, as well as in the production of certain other war materials. The Yokohama and Kobe silk markets reacted upon the outbreak of war in Europe as well as upon the pound-yen devaluation with a boom of silk prices. Other war materials produced or manufactured in Japan, however, are urgently required for the continuation of the Nipponese war adventure in China, and cannot be exported unless this war is brought to an end.

It is the much-neglected Nipponese peace-time industries, and chiefly the textile industries, which entertain high export hopes in connection with the European War. These industries expect that the belligerent countries will have to curtail their textile and other peacetime exports to Far Eastern and other Asiatic markets. It is here that the Japanese textile industries hope to step in and to expand strongly in the Malayan, Indian, African, Aus-

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tralian, and even the Latin American markets.

Shipping difficulties are likely to play an important part in the future development of Far Eastern trade under war conditions. Many Far Eastern shipping services have been, at least temporarily, discontinued or heavily curtailed. Freight rates are on the increase all over the world. War risk insurance, wherever obtainable, has to be contracted at sky-rocketing rates, because of the German submarine war. Of the Japanese mercantile marine, almost one-fourth continues to be employed under the terms of requisition, in military supply service in China waters. Another almost 60 per cent of Japan's merchant vessels are fully engaged in various East Asiatic waters, without being able to relieve the still-increasing congestion of goods in Osaka, Yokohama, Kobe and Dairen. Thus Japan does not appear to be in a position to relieve, at any rate not immediately or in the near future, the dearth of shipping in this part of the world.

In all of the above circumstances, it appears that the outbreak of war in Europe has resulted out here immediately in the turning-up of a whole set of additional economic difficulties, while prospects of East Asiatic profiting from the European War still seem to lie, as far as China and Japan are concerned, in a more distant future. The situation would be substantially different if it were not for the war continuously going on between Japan and China. Prospects for an early termination of that war by mutual exhaustion of both Far Eastern belligerents, however, have not increased.

III. Meet the Smiths of Shanghai

By Grace Gould

From the *China Press Sunday Magazine*, Shanghai

LAST Monday Mr. Smith received this notice from the landlord: 'Owing to the constant decline of the Chinese dollar and the uncertainty of the monetary situation in Shanghai, we are reluctantly compelled to increase your monthly rental, as from September 1, 1939, by 30 per cent.

'We feel confident that you will understand. . . .'

This and like phenomena constitute the most direct impact the current war has had on the daily lives of the Smiths and their like in Shanghai—American and European families of ordinary middle class standards. They would be, that is, middle class at home; upper middle class, most of them, business men good enough to be sent out here for their firms, or enterprising enough to come out on their own, and professional people.

Here, by being set down in a country teeming with cheap labor these Smiths, Browns and Robinsons automatically become accustomed to luxury standards and a top-dog position which they would not have had at home. They know this and that is one of the reasons why they stay here.

Our Mr. Smith is an American. He draws a salary which back home would run only to a little house in the suburbs, where Mrs. Smith would do

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most of the housework. Life would consist of home exclusively.

On the whole, the Smiths preferred Shanghai. The children went to the American school, the Smiths feeling that this would be better for transition to the States later on. The Smiths who had only two children, a son of twelve and a daughter of seven, hoped to give them a few years of boarding school at home before college, if the exchequer would run to it. For the Smiths thought their children had a heritage back home and must be fitted to take their places there.

So far they had done pretty well. They could live in a fashion modest for Shanghai foreigners, luxurious when checked by home standards, and still save something for those costly college days to come. They had been on home leave in 1937 and, returning to Shanghai early in 1938, had been startled to find the lives of their friends so little changed in the midst of war and desolation. Eyes fresh from America marveled again at the bizarre contrasts to which those who live in them so soon grow accustomed.

Underneath, things were not quite the same. When the world totters, its children, though their own lives for the moment go on well enough, are insecure. There was worry. There was uncertainty.

Everything is relative. When standards must go down, little by little, it is cold comfort that others have lower standards still. When one has counted on sending the children to college, it is not enough that they now have milk and oranges—the milk and oranges going up in price from month to month.

Exchange had held up wonderfully, the Smiths' friends said, but in that fall of 1938 it slipped. This made it hard for the Smiths, because Mr. Smith carried fairly heavy insurance, with payments in United States dollars, and they sent a small fixed allowance every month to Mrs. Smith's mother, back home.

II

Still, they were lucky. Not so lucky as those foreigners whose firms paid them in United States dollars or sterling, but luckier than those locally employed, paid wholly in Chinese currency. Mr. Smith got exchange allowance on a fourth of his pay, so it wasn't too bad. This took care of the commitments in the States, but it didn't leave much margin for the college fund, and the rest of the salary didn't go far either, with the majordomo's bills and toothpaste going up and a raise in the rent that fall.

Mrs. Smith checked over the majordomo's and butcher's books more carefully than she used to, looking into comparative prices of cereals and brands of tinned milk. (The children must have fresh milk to drink, of course, but you couldn't afford it for cooking. And Mrs. Smith, in 1938, did not envisage a time when tinned milk, being imported, would become even more expensive than fresh.) Mrs. Smith had grown up on a farm, among cows; it hurt her to skimp on cream, to let margarine into her house, even for cooking. But she did it.

The Smiths entertained less than they had, and more simply. This was no great hardship to Mrs. Smith, for others were doing the same, and her conscience troubled her a bit anyway about living too gaily in the midst of suffering. They talked of selling the

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car, but it was Mr. Smith's chief joy, and taxi bills were going higher too. They would hang on a little longer.

They hung on till the next exchange slump. In June 1939 they sold the car. It didn't matter so much, they told each other, since you couldn't go anywhere anyway.

Should they resign from the clubs? They had dropped the French Club in 1938, but they still had two, the American Club downtown and the Columbia Club, and they couldn't spare either very well. Mr. Smith used the American Club for compulsory business entertaining, and he needed his tennis and squash at the Columbia Club. Besides, what would the children do all summer without the pool?

Where else to cut down, then? The children's riding lessons? Or Jean's dancing? Or Jimmy's violin? Well, but they're so inexpensive, really, compared with what they'd cost at home, in gold. . . . Yes, but our income's not in gold; it doesn't go up proportionately when exchange goes down; we can't go around figuring in United States money. . . . Oh, I know, but we've always said one of the compensations for the children in growing up out here, without green countryside and farms and mountains and long motor trips in the summer, was that they could have training in these special skills we couldn't afford for them at home. Let's not give those up yet. Besides, if we did, what would they do all summer? It's bad enough now. It's not as if we were at home and they could go to camp, or to your father's farm.

There didn't seem to be much more the Smiths could cut, and maintain their normal way of life at all. Electricity surcharges, gas surcharges, food, drugs, dentists' bills, went on inexorably upward. But if only we don't get another raise in the rent, if Things Don't Get Any Worse, we can manage. We'll have to cut the savings quota in the budget, but we're lucky to have any savings. Look at Robinson, paying school bills in England out of an all-Mex salary. Yes, they gave him an emergency raise, 15 per cent; but it doesn't go far toward those bills in sterling. He can't afford to bring the kids back, either. His brother at home is helping tide him over, but he can't keep it up long. Yes, we're lucky.

III

Then came July, and exchange slipped again. From 8 to 1, in terms of American dollars, to 10, to 12. Prices began to be quoted in gold; prices of imported products, if quoted in Chinese currency at all, advanced 25 per cent overnight, and then another 25 per cent.

The notices from the landlords began, and the Smiths held their breath. People at dinners, at clubs, compared notes; letters to the editor appeared in the English language papers: Tenants of the town, unite! So-and-so has had a notice of a 40 per cent raise; everyone in Such-and-Such apartments is being raised 50 per cent; This-and-That landlord is quoting rates in gold.

At 5:15 on July 31, as Mrs. Smith, just in from the hot, dusty streets, lay in a long chair on her terrace having tea, the house manager brought in the notice. She signed for it, almost in relief. No more suspense, and 30 per cent wasn't so bad as the Browns', or the Robinsons'. Still, it would mean a smaller apartment as soon as she

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could find one, and she had watched the advertisements and hunted about enough, expecting this, to know it wouldn't be easy. She thought of the three-room apartment she had looked at the other day, trying in her mind to fit her family into it: One dining room, one living room, one bedroom, one bath. There was an enclosed sun porch; that was pleasant; but only the trite old simile of the goldfish bowl described it for privacy, with the next apartment building so near.

The departing tenant said she was paying $185; there'd be a raise, of course. $225, $240 maybe? Mrs. Smith had called the landlords, an American corporation. 'The rent would be what? $40 gold? Impossible, I'm very sorry, Mr. Smith's income is in Chinese currency, you see. That's quite out of the question for us. Surely it's very high. Couldn't you possibly quote a more reasonable rate in Mex? . . .'

Pause. . . . Consultation at the other end. . . . Voice of great condescension over the wire. 'We could perhaps let you have it for $375. . . .'

'I see. Thanks very much but that's too high for us, I'm afraid . . .'

$375. . . . Just doubling the rent wasn't good enough for them; had to stick on an extra $5 just for luck.

Better stick to our old landlords. Raising us a mere 30 per cent is practically charity. Still, what to do if you haven't got the 30 per cent? There's mother's little allowance, of course—not much by the time it gets back home but it takes quite a lot of Mex; it would pay the raise in the rent and even buy some toothpaste at $4 a tube and face powder at $5 a box. Well, what's the use of thinking about that? Mother's got to live, and there's no one else to help support her. . . .

No, we'll have to cut down somehow. Jimmy and Jean will have to double up, no matter how they hate it, and the college fund will have to wait till things get better. (But will they? But will they?) No use trying to save anyway. You save a hundred Mex, and it looks quite a lot; put it in American money and what have you got? Not even a pair of shoes.

Mrs. Smith thought about the old accounts she'd been looking over that morning, as she tried to budget for a changing world. All those neat percentages they told you to allot, for food, shelter, clothing, improvement, savings—they didn't allow for your being paid in a currency that shrank to a seventh of its earlier value, measured in the 'real money' you'd been brought up on and had to educate your children in. When they had come out in 1926, newly married, the American dollar, she remembered, had been worth less than twice the Chinese: $1.75, $1.87; something like that, exchange had run. For years 2 to 1 had been the rough figure, and their modest salary had gone a long way.

But had there really been a time, Mrs. Smith mused, when they had run a house and a garden and two babies and five servants and a police dog and a lot of guests on half their pay check? 'Improvement' and 'savings' had had a chance in those days. So had fun. For the little house, they'd paid not much over a hundred dollars a month. Little? With its three bedrooms (what if they were small? They had doors, and privacy) and two baths? To Mrs. Smith's present plight it seemed spacious, magnificent.

But no use going back to look at those little houses now. She had tried it. They were up in price, and down in

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upkeep; she had put her foot right through the floor of the one she looked at. And most of them were housing several families of refugees each.

The next house, the bigger house with the lovely garden—well, better not think of that now. When they came back in 1938, there weren't any houses to be had (they were lucky to find an adequate apartment—most apartments didn't expect you to have children) but even if there had been, they wouldn't have dared lease a house. What with coal prices careening about—and somehow there were always extra expenses cropping up.

It had proved livable enough, and safe enough, but—now. . . . Well, the two first rent raises had been small, and they'd had a bit of extra exchange allowance from the firm. But now. . . . Wonder if there's any chance of a salary raise this time? Don't see how. No business. The firm hasn't any money either. How are the Chinese to buy American stuff now? We can't ourselves. Much more likely we'll get fired.

Is it any use, Mrs. Smith asked herself for the two hundred and seventy-seventh time, my trying again to get a job myself? At what? The children are older now; I *could* leave them. But for what? I'm not a stenographer. Anyway, all the jobs now are going to little local girls for wages too small to be worth leaving the children. And I haven't any special gifts really. And there are plenty of women needing work worse than I do.

We're lucky after all. Jimmy won't be ready for college for five or six years yet, and by that time things may be better. (Of course, they may be worse, too.) I'd have liked him to get back for a year or two at his father's prep school first. I believe Bill would almost rather have Jimmy miss college than not go to his old school. But it can't be helped. Multiply that into Mex! The American School will take care of him all right, and we're lucky to have it. . . . School bills will be up in the fall, I suppose; more surcharges; they can't help it either. Mustn't forget school in the budget, just because it's vacation now.

Thousand dollars a year in United States money, indeed!

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It was a perfect spring day for this happy couple—too perfect to last. . . .

The Hat *of* Mme. Viale

By JEAN DALEVÈZE

Translated from *Nouvelles Littéraires*
Paris Literary Weekly

M. VIALE was ready. He gave a last whisk with the brush to his Sunday suit, adjusted his tie, and jingled the money and the keys in his pocket. Naturally, he was ready to go out long before his wife. It seemed to him as if he had spent his whole life either pursuing her or waiting for her. He never could understand why it is that women delay over so many insignificant details, twisting and turning before the mirror without achieving any perceptible results, to tell you at last with a contented smile: 'You see, dear, I really didn't take a long time.' Such a palpable falsehood uttered with so much sincerity always served to disarm him completely.

He noticed that his suit, as usual, smelled of naphthalene. He decided not to think further about it, knowing too well the response to any comment of his on that fact: 'My dear, we are not rich enough to entertain a regiment of moths.' That phrase rang like a reproach in his ears. Since then, he had stoically endured the odor of naphthalene. He had tried to combat it with eau de cologne, but in vain.

Twenty minutes later, Mme. Viale, his wife, entered the room, carrying her hat and bag.

'My dear,' she said, 'are you ready?' Then, without waiting for him to reply, she rushed to the mirror, making little dabs at the curls which were fluffed out all around the tiny skull-cap that sat on top of her head. The operation was a delicate one and she performed it carefully, peering at herself in the mirror, with the tip of her tongue stuck out.

'One can do a lot with a little ingenuity,' she said. 'But you can see yourself that I need a new hat. This old rag no longer looks like anything.'

M. Viale felt obscurely flattered, for he himself intended to buy his wife a new hat.

A little powder, a little make-up and Mme. Viale was ready to go out.

'Do you have the money?'

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'I have it,' said M. Viale, tapping his wallet. Carefully he closed the door of the apartment behind them, giving it two or three little tugs to see whether it was really closed. He loved those little proprietary gestures.

THE street was a typical Saturday afternoon street, overbrimming with nonchalance, and flooded with timid yet gracious sunlight. Plane trees were in bloom; a few tiny green fragments of leaves emerged from the tightly closed buds. Several people were strolling along, basking in the spring warmth. M. Viale indulgently swerved aside to avoid disrupting a game of hop-scotch.

'Those little ones have the right to play, have they not?' he said. 'The street belongs to everyone, after all.'

At the end of every week it came as a pleasant surprise to M. Viale that he was free in the middle of the day. The streets, which he on other days saw only early in the morning and in the evening, peopled by men and women obsessed with the thought of work, assumed at those times a singularly debonair atmosphere. Usually, this disruption of his daily routine produced in him a sort of vague uneasiness, a feeling of emptiness. Now that he had a definite purpose in view, all such uneasiness had disappeared. He swung his cane easily at the level of his thigh as he walked, suiting his stride to the slower steps of Mme. Viale, who was holding his arm—but still with a regular and firm step. He was not thinking of anything definite, but he was conscious of a feeling of assurance and poise, of being well entrenched among the uncertainties of life, that did away with any need for reflection.

Mme. Viale was thinking about the sweetness of spring, savoring a sense of well-being that filled her as she walked along, adjusting the rhythm of her steps to that of her husband. She thought of the tenderness that she had for him, of her appreciation of his virtues. She thought about the many attentions that he had showered upon her and, particularly, what he was going to do for her presently on the occasion of her birthday. This thought emerged from the back of her mind and filled it to the exclusion of all others.

Every year her husband, M. Viale, bought something for her birthday; he had never forgotten to do so during the twelve years of their marriage. Last year, it was an elegant pair of shoes which, as a matter of fact, she was wearing right now. This year, it would be a hat. Naturally, it was not going to be an expensive one. Nevertheless, when one is buying things, it is better to pay more attention to quality than to the price. She knew exactly the sort of hat she was going to buy. The vision was an amalgam of all the hats and pictures of hats that she had seen for the last few days.

Mme. Viale considered herself to be, to some extent, an authority on styles. She could always tell how hair would be worn in the coming season, and sometimes even managed to be ahead of the fashion. Oh, she really had good taste, Mme. Viale; she was sure she could have made a brilliant career in dress designing if only things had turned out differently.

In the bus she observed her neighbors, judging and classifying them according to their dresses—for her this was the ultimate and infallible criterion. Reciprocally, she knew herself

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to be the recipient of those oblique, yet thorough glances of which only women are capable. At the end of such an examination, the attitude of the observer would be altered by an almost imperceptible nuance of disdain, indifference or envy, according to the category into which you are placed. All women know this little game.

Mme. Viale was only too conscious of her temporary inferiority because of the miserable little skull-cap perched on top of her head. But she was not overmuch disturbed because, in reality, the unfortunate *calot* no longer existed, being completely eclipsed by the vision of the beautiful hat which she was going to buy. She leaned forward and tugged at her husband's sleeve.

'Look at the woman seated opposite to us, next to the window,' she told him. 'I'd like to get a flexible straw like hers.'

'Don't worry,' he answered, 'you'll have exactly what you want.'

He liked to speak to his wife with assurance, with the certainty of a man to whom life could not refuse whatever he demanded. At this moment he thought himself quite capable of obtaining the hat of Mme. Viale's dreams, even though the whole world were leagued against him.

IT WAS a beautiful moment for both of them when they walked into the Trois Quartiers. They didn't look into the shop windows at the level of the street, where hats were cheaper, but immediately mounted the stairs to the more fashionable salons on the first floor—admittedly the only place where Mme. Viale's ideal hat could be found.

Mme. Viale tried on many hats, and put aside many more.

'It seems to me,' she said, 'that this does not look bad on me. What do you think, dear? . . . But don't you see, mademoiselle, there is something that I don't like in the line of that brim, something that spoils the general effect. Besides, I have a small face. I should prefer a hat that wouldn't accentuate this—yes, perhaps something like this.'

She went through the whole array of hats systematically, not letting herself be distracted by anything from her search for the ideal.

M. Viale was happy. He liked to see his wife being so difficult to please and so choosy, sparing neither her own time nor that of the saleswoman and addressing the latter in a somewhat imperious tone. He glowed with pride whenever she would turn toward him for advice.

At last, Mme. Viale put on her new hat.

'My old one takes so little space that I will be able to put it in my pocketbook,' she said. 'Anyway, it's done with. I'll never wear it again.'

They emerged on the Place de la Madeleine and went down to the Rue Royale. 'Really,' said Mme. Viale, 'I've never had such an adorable hat before.' She had taken her husband's arm, leaning on it slightly. She glanced at their reflection in the store windows, and the two of them really seemed quite an attractive pair. It was five-thirty when they came to the Place de la Concorde. M. Viale suddenly got the idea of a perfect ending to a perfect day.

'How would you like an *apéritif* at the Colisée?' he asked. Naturally, Mme. Viale was ravished by the idea:

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this was a chance to show off her new hat where it would be seen and admired. Only it did seem to be a little extravagant.

'Come along,' said M. Viale, 'after all, your birthday comes only once a year.'

They turned back to the Champs Elysées without hurrying, savoring the sweetness of spring. Mme. Viale no longer shrank from the observation of other women but, on the contrary, courted it. Her husband was proud of her, of himself, of spring, proud of striding with such a proprietary air along one of the most beautiful avenues in the world.

'My God,' thought M. Viale, 'how easy and pleasant life is. You stroll along, there are budding leaves on the trees, a new hat and the feeling of lightness inside of you. You savor life gently, taking one step at a time, following destiny calmly into a blissful future.'

'I'm sure,' he said aloud, 'sure, you understand, that some day I'll be someone.'

The evening was serene, and the Arc de Triomphe blazed so gloriously in the setting sun that Mme. Viale found herself agreeing.

'I am sure of it, too,' she said, 'and I never thought otherwise.'

Suddenly, as they were crossing the street, the wind blew sharply and Mme. Viale's hat, perched on the top of her head, blew off. She cried out and clutched at it, but missed it. M. Viale pursued it to the middle of the pavement where an autobus crushed it pitilessly. He recovered a formless black little object, dusty and pitiful. Mme. Viale held it for a few moments gingerly, her lips and her chin trembling a little. Then she let it drop and drew from her pocketbook the discarded knitted skull-cap.

Neither of them said a word. They no longer thought of getting an *apéritif*. They turned back down the avenue without even touching each other. They felt completely crushed, fatally doomed to their dim, gray existence of small, mediocre people. Perhaps never had they felt as gray and mediocre as that evening. It was as if a blinding light was suddenly extinguished. And yet the air was still redolent with spring, people strolled by with the same air of happy nonchalance and the Arc de Triomphe blazed gloriously in the setting sun—much too gloriously for them.

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A glimpse of the world's remote corners: the struggle for existence in the Australian hinterland; how the lamas of Tibet get their news of world events.

Off the Beaten Path

I. Barren Hope in the Desert

From the *Austral-Asiatic Bulletin*, Organ of the Australian Institute of International Affairs

THE tendrils of the sight-seeing trade have long since discovered that profit may be sucked from deserts. Some of the world's best deserts, in Arizona and North Africa, have surrendered to the char-a-banc. This chronicler had considered that the apotheosis of desert destruction was reached a few years ago with the running of a French motor-bus service to Timbuctoo. Last month, traveling toward Central Australia, he found that drastic deterioration had appeared even in the far inland of this Fifth Continent. Of Alice Springs, a township at the very hub of Australia, a drover commented:

'The Alice isn't what it was. There's waiters in white coats there now.'

Thus warned about the artificiality of life in the raw, the only thing to do was to leave the Alice Springs 'sitting-up' train (the worst train of its kind in the world, it is to be hoped) and strike north-eastward from Marree into the marginal country bordering the Simpson Desert, where the tourist does not go.

These are the inhabitants of the driest part of Australia. It is a long time since their country has known four inches of rainfall in one year. The raising and droving of cattle are their visible means of support. As much of their country consists of stony plains corrugated by series of sandhills, it is hardly a picturesque exaggeration to say that their basic means of support is faith. In this domain, a study of personalities must be largely a landscape sketch.

The way to a close-up of John Severn and his family is along the Birdsville Track. Once a fortnight, a Diesel-motored truck goes with mails and stores along the 330 miles of the Track. It goes from Marree in South Australia, where the railway for Alice Springs bends north-westward. The Track goes east of north from here.

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It follows a line of artesian bores, set at intervals of from 20 to 30 miles, and crosses the Queensland border to end at that shimmering fragment of a township—Birdsville.

Somewhere beside the Track—which is no more than a faint set of tire marks among the rusty red stones of the plain, and merely an invisible conjecture on the shifting crests of the sandhills—there is a tangible sign of the Severn family's contact with the outside world. This sign consists of the sawn-off half of a small packing case, nailed and tied with wire to four posts. This is the Severn letter-box. It neither needs nor carries a name. In that empty landscape it is as unmistakable as the Sphinx.

An hour's ride from the letter-box brings one to the Severn homestead. In the light of clear inland skies, the home first appears as a fleck of white. Behind it is one of the long sandhills that run north and south in this country before the prevailing wind. In the foreground the reddish plain dips slightly, and is pock-marked with gray hollows in which small dead trees and gray clumps of bushes suggest the occasional presence of water.

The house is of roughly plastered and cemented stone, roofed with sheets of corrugated iron. To leeward a small square of earth is protected by more iron sheets, and here a touch of vivid green shows how vegetables may be grown in a desert.

Most of the Severn family are at home, for it is nearly 'wireless time.' Mrs. Severn is plump and gray-haired. Her roughened hands, smiling patience and distance-searching eyes are typical of this country's inhabitants. She was born in softer dairying country, and came here as a bride. That was twenty-four years ago. She is forty-eight, but a stranger might suppose her to be nearly sixty. She has two sons and two daughters. Once a year, if times are good, she may go to Adelaide for two weeks' holiday and a shopping excursion.

John Severn is tall and gaunt, with a thin, humorous mouth in a wrinkled face. He was born in this country, and it has conditioned him to its own dun semblance of wiry endurance. In the glare outside he would be a sallow-brown man. Sitting upright in the shadowy living-room, he is grayish-yellow. The backs of his hands show the scars of old sores. That is barcoo rot, a disorder common among drovers and others who live for long periods without fresh vegetables. His garb is a work shirt, khaki trousers and elastic-sided black boots. The boots are high-heeled, for riding. When he goes out he adds a pair of large-roweled spurs and a 'ten-gallon' hat.

The elder son, a sartorial copy of the father, is twenty-two. Two bright-faced but shy daughters, aged fifteen and thirteen, are at home, but the second boy is away on a 30-mile errand.

II

At the appearance of visitors, tea is brewed, and Mrs. Severn's baking of cakes appears. Strangers are rare. Outwardly their coming does not ruffle the placidity of the ménage. Polite small talk will not arise unless the stranger initiates it, and anything more than the most casual word of thanks for hospitality would seem fulsome. But under this diffidence lie deep pleasure and interest in visitations from outside.

World affairs, even normal Aus-

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tralian affairs, are remote. The desert holds them off, and its people live a life apart.

Severn, rolling a cigarette with heavy fingers, talks of his life. The lack of emphasis in his story reflects the broad inevitable decline of pioneer hopes. His people came here long ago, in a season when the desert smiled. They were among the many whose monuments are the ruins of homes half-covered with sand-drift, and the forgotten survey pegs of those who once thought it might be worth-while to build a railway to Birdsville. Elaborate 'improvements' were brought into this country, on the promise of salt-bush and blue-bush flourishing in a good year. Desert growth is profuse and quick after rain. It tempts a cattle man to overstock his country. Then, when a dry year comes, much of the feed shows its fragility. The land has few reserves, and the previous abundance will have produced an increase of the rabbit pest. In the drought, these rabbits will devour the last and hardiest plants to the very roots. They will destroy the cane-grass that binds the sandhill slopes. Under a succession of brazen, cloudless years, a man may see a 1,000-square-mile holding grow so barren that not one beast can be fed on it.

Somehow, the desert people hang on through such times. A youngster with a horse may go off to Queensland back country and take a job as a station hand. That State's rural wages award is good, and work is usually there for men strong enough to do it. When rain brings the feed up again, and Queensland cattle are driven down the Track once more, experienced men who can get together a 'plant' of 26 to 30 horses may work as drovers. Severn has done much of this.

The usual contract with pastoral firms provides £42 a week to the drover. For this he provides an outfit, pays his men (£4 8s. a week, with all found, is the current rate), and undertakes to deliver the mob of cattle on a specified date. They may be eight on ten weeks on the road, covering 10 to 14 miles a day. Members of a droving outfit are lucky if they average five hours' rest a day on such a trip. Long days of hard riding, night watches, the ground for mattress, and tea, meat, bread and rum for sustenance. Possibly three such trips a year may be secured by a good man in a good season.

There's little enough in droving, but that little is enough to hold a following. The life draws men back to it from softer ways. It ekes out the resources of men who are trying to hold their stake in the desert country.

III

John Severn's stake is a small one — only about 1,000 square miles. He is proud of it, and will argue its virtues.

'Nothing wrong with the country itself,' he insists. 'If we got only four inches of rain a year, at the right times, we'd do well enough.'

If! That is the whole point.

Beyond the sandhill at the back of his house, he will show you an expanse where lignum and coolebah trees cover a mile-long hollow. Not all of the trees are dead, and there are grayish-green remnants of herbage. This is one of the 'bits of flood country on the place.' Lagoons form here when the rains come.

'The feed gets to be something won-

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derful. Wild flowers, too. It's a picture.'

The memory of desert flowerings in the past is always with these people; a merciful mirage over the bareness of today.

They will deny that their country is deteriorating. So-called river systems — the Diamentina and the Cooper — have not carried water in their lower channels since 1918. It is possible that they will never run again. But the people hang on to their land —and their faith.

In the house now, Mrs. Severn and her daughters are by the radio set. When they hear the four o'clock time signal from the national program, they switch to the short-wave reception. It is the agreed time for the pedal-wireless operators within a range of eighty miles or so to exchange news, messages and gossip.

What are you to do for such people? Their lives are the extreme retort to those who ask why Australia does not populate her Wide Open Spaces. They and their fathers have made the attempt. Economically, the results hardly stand examination. The costly tapping of artesian water, the running at a loss of the Central Australian Railway, the maintenance of aerial medical services and mission hospitals, and the freighting of supplies by truck or camel—these services form an extravagant background. Is it justified by the kind of settlement which has resulted?

By the look of the country to an outsider, as well as by the statistics, the answer is 'No.' The atmosphere of retreat is shown in abandoned buildings. Among the rare landmarks are the ruins of a mission center with its own shearing sheds. The missionaries have long since gone and so have their flocks—both spiritual and pastoral. The deterioration of the country, rally as it might seem to do from each drought, offsets the most altruistic, subsidized intentions. On properties run by individuals and pastoral companies, one sometimes detects the earlier signs of retreat. The needs of tenants have shrunk. The buildings and stockyards are now too big for them. The roofs have fallen on disused huts. Sand has banked against and blurred works of man that once had meaning.

Is that the complete answer?

This chronicler hesitates to answer. A way of life is not always to be measured by its yield to national economics. The people on the margins of the pastoral inland have been born to the courageous way. As one young drover puts it, 'The life's hard, but you know you're alive.' And that view, after all, is the final justification for any human choice.

II. News for the Lama

By 'Tibetan'

From the *North-China Herald*, Shanghai Independent English-Language Weekly

THARCHIN BABOO may or may not be a great editor, but he certainly makes every attempt to keep the Land of the Lamas informed on world events. Lamaland lies entirely at the Baboo's feet, as he encounters no

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competition whatever, his *Tibetan News* being the only medium of information between the lama and the outside world. In the issue before the present one world events were so hurried and so varied that Tharchin had, perforce, to dismiss many of them in a few sentences.

It is somewhat difficult to describe the Baboo's newspaper: it is not a daily, weekly, bi-weekly, monthly or a bi-monthly. The *Tibetan News* leaves Tharchin Baboo free both with regard to his time and his energy. If the Viceroy of India invites journalists to a public dinner, the Baboo suffers from no editorial embarrassment; the morning issue can come out any morning; the lama reads it when it comes; and when it doesn't, he simply turns over more leaves of the Ganjur and the Denjur and repeats more prayers. Fortunately the *Tibetan News* has not yet created any newspaper fans on the Roof of the World. If one issue is missed, or five, then the next is crammed tight, and the following issue is fairly well drawn out.

In a recent copy of the *News* Tharchin, like many other editors, seems to have rolled up his sleeves in earnest. Page one offers an editorial dealing with the Dalai Lama. The Baboo is a Christian, but his editorial deals with the view held by the Tibetans all over Lamaland, namely, that the world will only reach a state of tranquillity and stability when the incarnation of Tuden Jamtso sits securely on the lama throne in Lhasa.

From the first Dalai Lama, Geden Druba, to the thirteenth, Tuden Jamtso, apparently not one was of Aryan stock, most of them coming from Mongolia, China and Tibet. An Aryan Dalai will never be recognized by the Republic of China and it is taking Lhasa a long time to acknowledge this fact. Lamaism in one sense might be called the Chinese aspect of Buddhism, as the big three lama-series near Lhasa, namely, Drebung, Sera and Galdan, are largely filled with *drabas* from the China side. There is, however, a Young Party in Lamaland of purely Tibetan stock and therefore very nationalist in its aspirations. It is this party, no doubt, that is keen on an Aryan Dalai Lama, and very strongly opposed to any spiritual emanation from the Land of Sinim.

The aforementioned issue of the *Tibetan News* dealt with international affairs in different countries, illustrating the discussion of each country with a picture of its leader. A Tibetan artist may be all right when he is drawing the sun, moon and stars, but he is all wrong when he tries to reproduce the face and figure of the British Prime Minister. True, the proverbial umbrella is not there, but Neville Chamberlain's face from the artist's point of view gives one the impression that it might rain at any moment. The Prime Minister looks tired and weary and the burdens of State sit very heavily upon him. The photos of the Emperor of Japan and the Emperor of Abyssinia are also published on the news sheet and events relating to both these countries are dealt with in the news columns.

II

Tharchin Baboo faithfully mirrors world events as he hears them over the radio and reads them in the daily press. His ambition is to keep the red-robed lama informed as to the progress of the history of the world. The pa-

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tient lama sits in his lonely, solitary cell and, from what I can gather, he is not impressed. In Tachienlu we find incarnations, *drabas* and others quite keen to read this Tibetan newspaper and in the interior, Tharchin's *Tibetan News* is the only available means of knowing what is going on in the world.

Tharchin Baboo makes every attempt to keep up a high literary standard in the *Tibetan News*. Whether he has a co-editor or a sub-editor, or a news editor assisting him in the publication we have not yet discovered; and whether he is proprietor and editor, all in one, we don't know. He writes a leader with every issue and highly educated lamas on the border here have been impressed with his erudition.

The last page of the paper has become very much like the last page of a children's newspaper. The Baboo, knowing, no doubt, that the lama may have time hanging on his hands, devises numerous puzzles with each issue. Several recent issues featured dissecting animals and sticking them together again. Everything is being done to make the *Tibetan News* a popular paper.

Circulation, however, must present great difficulties in the Land of the Lamas where post offices are almost unknown. How Tharchin gets the *Tibetan News* into Litang, Kanze, Derge, Dzochen and other lamaseries throughout Sikang must remain somewhat of a mystery. There is no doubt, however, about the *News* being widely circulated, as the paper is now fairly well known. The paper can be sent by the Tibetan post as far as Lhasa and it may be that the Baboo has some distributing agency there.

Tharchin charges five rupees as the annual subscription. How is a *draba* living somewhere in the heart of Asia going to pay this? Yak butter all over Lamaland is always a convenient means of barter; but Tharchin lives in Kalimpong and a subscriber may live in Gada, 1,000 miles away; and that seems a long distance to send a consignment of evil-smelling rancid yak butter.

The only solution we can come to is that the editor, being a Tibetan Christian, may run his paper on purely idealistic lines, very graciously believing that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Or he may be a man of independent means and run the *Tibetan News* largely as a philanthropic adventure.

The young lama in his lonely cell, living a purely altruistic life, will spend hours on one copy of the *Tibetan News;* and when he has finished, his dark metaphysical reaction to a world bent on madness and folly and mutual destruction will be something like this: '"Vanity of vanities," saith the preacher, "vanity of vanities; all is vanity."'

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WASHINGTON LETTER

THE attitude of the Roosevelt Cabinet members toward the European War bears a striking resemblance to the emotions and reactions of the men who surrounded Woodrow Wilson in the 1914–1917 crisis. Insofar as any difference of psychology can be detected, it derives solely from the fact that the present-day group lived through the first World War and its tragic aftermath, whereas the Wilsonians were confronted with an entirely novel experience. The former have been forewarned and therefore should be forearmed; the latter were no more than babes in the international woods willingly susceptible to diplomatic plucking and kidnapping by Europe's skilled statesmen.

Despite the bloody and costly handwriting on Europe's ancient war wall, neither Mr. Roosevelt nor his official household makes any pretense of neutrality in 'thought or deed.' As the President's spokesmen in the State Department explain, he thought it would be utterly foolish to repeat Mr. Wilson's request for moral and spiritual detachment from the ideological clash abroad. It would have been inconsistent with his previous demand that the 'aggressors' be quarantined, and with other indications that he referred specifically to the dictator nations. If any doubt existed as to Mr. Roosevelt's meaning, Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Pittman dispelled it by naming Germany, Italy and Japan as the nations on our blacklist. Mr. Roosevelt, to implement his ultimatum to the totalitarian states, also expressed his determination to reinforce the so-called democracies with 'methods short of war.'

In authorizing the sale of airplanes to the Allies under circumstances which prevented Germany from buying them, and in demanding revision of the Neutrality Act, the President revealed what he meant by 'methods short of war.' So did such official apologists as Assistant Secretary of War Louis F. Johnson and Assistant Senate Leader Sherman Minton. They declared—and the similarity of their language was not accidental—that the original Neutrality Act was 'equivalent to giving Germany an Atlantic Fleet' in that it neutralized Great Britain's superior naval power. When it was suggested to both men that an American Neutrality Act should not be written with the purpose of giving or taking away a fleet from any foreign nation, but with the sole thought of safeguarding our selfish, national interests, it was disclosed that this phrase was inserted by Mr. Roosevelt at the inspiration of the State Department.

By contrast, Mr. Wilson was a model of neutrality. He begged his countrymen to suppress their natural sympathies for their various fatherlands. He declined to protest the brutal invasion of Belgium lest such an act be interpreted as un-neutral. He endorsed William Jennings Bryan's refusal to approve New York bankers' requests for the right to lend money to the Allies. His seemingly unresponsive and inhumane aloofness sub-

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jected him to sharp criticism at home and abroad as a man with ice water in his veins.

CABINET members, in peace or war, usually take their cue from the man who sits at the head of the White House table. So it may be more than coincidence that the patterns—the line-ups—of the Wilsonian and the Rooseveltian Cabinets are almost identical. Twenty-five years ago there were only two utterly peace-minded men—Mr. Bryan and his disciple, Navy Secretary Josephus Daniels. Their spiritual descendants today are Henry Wallace and Secretary of War Harry Woodring. The former will permit no mention of war around the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Woodring, sometimes to the President's discomfort, has frequently protested at Cabinet meetings against acts and policies which, in his opinion, entail commitments favoring the Allies.

Whenever war hovers above or about a nation, the Secretary of State assumes an importance second only to the President. The Chief Executive must decide, but his principal foreign expert usually supplies both the facts and the advice. So let us consider Mr. Bryan. In retrospect, poor Bryan's rôle was savagely and pathetically ironical. The war destroyed his dream that his arbitration treaties would promote an era of permanent and universal peace. He quit the Cabinet amidst sneers and nose-thumbings of the press, the public and the politicians.

Nevertheless, his peace-at-any-price philosophy underlies the Roosevelt Neutrality Act—a consideration which the present Administration chooses to forget. Said Mr. Bryan in his valedictory to public office: 'Why should an American citizen be permitted to involve his country in war by travelling upon a belligerent vessel when he knows that the ship will pass through a dangerous zone? Forbid American ships to enter the war zone. Prevent shipment of munitions to the Allies by refusing to permit any ship carrying them, whether American or otherwise, to leave an American port.'

Today Mr. Roosevelt—the fire-eater of 1914–1917—has substituted the Bryan policy of surrender for the Wilsonian philosophy of assertion of American rights. The truth, though slightly twisted and complicated, may yet prevail.

For all his benign exterior, our present Secretary of State is no molly-coddle, no pacifist. His private remarks about the dictators, like the President's in secret conferences with Congressional conferees, are quite unprintable in a family magazine. Lacking Mr. Bryan's evangelical strain, however, Mr. Hull strives to exercise decent, diplomatic restraint. Nevertheless, he must be numbered among the mildly belligerent members of the Roosevelt Cabinet.

Oddly enough, the two Cabineteers charged with purely domestic problems—Secretaries of Interior Franklin K. Lane and Harold L. Ickes—have epitomized the martial spirit. The Canadian-born Mr. Lane favored American entry into World War from the start. A neighbor and daily companion of Assistant Navy Secretary Roosevelt, he is credited with convincing the latter of the righteousness of the Allied cause.

Mr. Ickes, like Mr. Lane, frets if there is no fight, foreign or domestic, around the corner. He disclosed his prejudices when he sold helium to

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Poland and withheld it from Hitler. In his public addresses—with White House approval, of course—he has frequently branded the Führer as a world outlaw. Indeed, he combines aggressiveness and acidity to such bitter purpose that he will probably be named Secretary of War should circumstances force the United States into the war.

THE high-stepping drum major of the war party in the Wilson Cabinet, however, was William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury and the War President's son-in-law. It is probable that he did not realize the implications of his advice and actions at the moment, but history reveals that no single individual directed our steps into a squads-right-squads-left formation more definitely than he did. When the World War's outbreak forced the withdrawal of many British ships from the carrying trade, he arose in the middle of the night to write a law under which the government would build vessels to carry munitions and raw materials to the Allies.

When private insurance interests refused to underwrite these McAdoo cargoes, he organized a government War Risk Insurance Bureau, and subsequently boasted that thereby he 'sent the timid ships to sea.' It was the Germans' sinking of Mr. McAdoo's 'timid ships' which contributed to American participation with blood and boys and treasure.

It was Mr. McAdoo and Secretary of State Lansing—two cold, practical, unimaginative men—who slowly whittled down Bryan's original policy of no-loans-and-no-credits to the Allies until, by October of 1914, the bankers were officially authorized to extend credits. And when the foreign credits were exhausted, it was Mr. McAdoo who warned Mr. Wilson that unless Great Britain and France were allowed to buy on the basis of continued credit, Allied purchasing power would dry up and the United States would suffer a severe economic collapse. Whether this financial involvement or the submarine campaign of frightfulness forced the United States into the conflict is a question historians are still unable to answer.

Henry Morgenthau is playing a strangely similar rôle, though much less heroically. It sometimes seems that all Secretaries of the Treasury, presumably because of their Wall Street and British contacts, are warmongers. Whatever the reason may be, it was Mr. Morgenthau, at the suggestion of Ambassador William C. Bullitt, who first proposed that the Army and Navy sell their finest planes to the Allies. When War Secretary Woodring and former Chief of Staff Malin Craig cried 'treason' at an emergency Cabinet meeting, Mr. Morgenthau appealed successfully to the President. It was this seemingly innocuous step which necessitated the unneutral act of demanding repeal of the arms embargo after the guns had begun to bark. Otherwise, the Morgenthau planes could not have been shipped to Europe. And—what most people miss—once the United States authorized foreign nations to compete in our arms and munitions markets, protection of our own national defense price and production systems required —or so Mr. Morgenthau said—that the United States set up an agency to function as purchasing agent for the Allies.

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Hitler—whether you like him or not—can hardly be blamed for classing this country as an active, military and industrial ally of his enemies, thanks to Mr. Morgenthau.

WERE it not for other considerations, the extremely pro-Ally attitude and actions of the Roosevelt Administration would warrant the prediction that the United States today stands nearer to actual participation in the European war than it did in 1914. And the deterrent consideration is not the Neutrality Act, for every informed observer at Washington realizes that a mere law—words written in haste and ambiguity—cannot keep us out of war.

America's strongest safeguard lies in experience. There is a vast difference between the 1914–1917 situation and the present-day problem. The Wilson Cabinet—and the American people—had had no experience with a World War, and they never entertained for a moment the thought that this country could become a party to it. They had no conception of such things as the war's duration, its cost in men and money, the nature of propaganda, the post-war disruption of social and economic relationships. Nor had they lived through the sad aftermath of such a universal conflagration—unpaid debts, international bitternesses, paralysis of world trade, history's worst and most widespread depression, the rise of a fierce and corrosive national spirit, the creeping death of democracy. Therefore the Wilsonians did not—could not—sense the implications of actions and policies which led inevitably to American participation. It is only charitable to cover their sins with the suggestion that the Wilsons, the McAdoos and the Bakers knew not what they did. Today, despite the Roosevelt Cabinet's Napoleonic complex, every act and every policy is weighed and scrutinized against the 1914–1918 background, and against the events of the last quarter of a century.

In plain, unvarnished English, our chief protection against battlefield involvement rests in our disillusionment—and in our keener awareness of world conditions, world diplomacy, world finances and world duplicity than prevailed in 1914. Lastly, it is a comforting thought that any cowhand in Wyoming and any milkman in Omaha has a deeper grasp of international problems than most of the members of President Wilson's Cabinet. And all those amateur diplomats, totaling about 130,000,000, want no part of this war.

—Ray Tucker

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

The British Cannibal

There sits Mr. Churchill with his glass of port and his big cigar, with a red steak in front of him, which he puts into his mouth in big pieces and chews and talks until the blood trickles down the side of his mouth.

Mr. Churchill has been eating warm blood for fifty years.

He comes of a good family. His mother was an American and his father was one of the nastiest men in England.

—From a German Propaganda Broadcast

What Was That Again?

Here are some war words in Zulu. Besides their use in explaining the progress of the war to natives whose inquiries so often embarrass one, they show the ease with which the language can supply expressions to meet new needs.

Tank—*Ikokoko eliqumisayo.*
Regime—*Inkambiso.*
Strategic Position—*Inkundhla iahlakanipo.*
Submarine—*Ingwenya iyaqumisayo* (crocodile which shoots).
Torpedo—*Inkonyana yengwenya iyaqumisayo* (the young of the submarine).

—*Idler* in the *Natal Mercury*

Evacuated Children

THREE little cockneys, billeted in a Yorkshire house, were given a pleasant bedroom. When their hostess went upstairs to see them safely tucked in bed, there was no sign of them.

Eventually they were found sleeping under the bed.

'We always do,' they said, 'mum and dad have the bed at home.'

ELEGANT Frinton has written officially to Walthamstow more in sorrow than in anger, pointing out that evacuees are not only using their gas masks to catch shrimps in, but they are also teaching the children of residents to do the same!

THE complaint of another householder was that his small daughter was 'picking up' swear words from a boy evacuee billeted in the house and repeating them. He asked that the boy and another evacuee should be moved, but his appeal was dismissed, after the investigating officer had said that the words were not swear words but words which were not nice.

—*New Statesman and Nation*, London

Hitler, That . . . !!!!

Those who take part in the variety programs of the British Broadcasting Corporation are now told that they may use any term they like for the Nazi Government. Hitherto they have been restricted to the more polite descriptions.

—*New Chronicle*, London

Us and God

When you come to think of it, it is a great honor to be chosen by God to be His ally in so great a contest.

—Canon C. Morgan Smith,
in *Stevenage Church Magazine*

Ssssh!

News that Reginald Arkell, poet-humorist of the Great War, has produced a new book to cheer Britain in her present struggle, recalls his famous 1916 rhyme, 'All the Rumors':—

Actual evidence I have none,
But my Aunt's charwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat,
Say to a housemaid in Downing street,
That he had a brother, who had a friend,
Who knew when the war was going to end!

—*Sunday Express*, London

The Wagner Line

Mr. Julius Harrison, conductor of the Hastings Municipal Orchestra, denied yesterday that he was banning Wagner from his programs for the coming season. 'It is my intention to include his works in the program as liberally as in the past,' he said. 'I am excluding a few items of Wagner's because they might suggest the Siegfried Line, and would not be acceptable at the moment.'

—*South Wales Echo and Express*

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Oxford Verse

'O' stands for Oxford Group,
A merry, morbid little troupe,
Who delight in telling you their vices
And how they felt and which was nicest.
—*News Review*, London

Bringing the War Home . . .

The British Broadcasting Corporation intends to make records on the Western Front which would be flown back to England and broadcast in the News Bulletins. They also want to make records of military activities and life among the troops. Thus the radio will soon bring you the crash of artillery, the rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire and all the noises of warfare. —*Daily Herald*, London

Gas Mask Stories

The warden was having a terrible lot of bother, fitting an old lady with a gas mask. None of the standard sizes seemed to fit her. The straps weren't in the right place, she complained. He struggled and coaxed for a long time and when at last everything seemed settled, she asked, 'And now where do I get my gas?'
—*News Chronicle*, London

The New Song of Hate

Who bears the guilt for the Polish war save
England?

Who treads the rights of neutrals underfoot?
England.

Who allows the innocent to bleed?
England.

REFRAIN:
England is the curse of the world.
She knows but greed and hate and gold.

Who pretends love but sows only hate?
England.

Who gave Polish murderers permission and aid?
England.

Who is the friend of Jewish traders?
England.

Who holds peoples in slavery and serfdom?
England.

Who allows men, women and children to starve?
England.

REFRAIN:

Who torpedoes its own ships?
England.

Who is the master of lies and quibbles?
England.

Who shoots down Belgian airmen?
England.

Who denies us the return of our colonies?
England.

REFRAIN:
—Translated from German

The New Madelon

It was one and twenty years ago,
Madelon at the fam'ly board,
On the night of the Armistice,
Came into her reward.
From the trenches to Madelon
Came a gift surpassing fair:
'Twas a soldier doll, you see,
In the garb of a cantinière.

Said a Lieutenant to Madelon—
He a corporal was before—
'I would like to win your hand
Now that we have won the war.'
And Madelon, that gentle maid,
On his suit benignly smiled,
And within a year in France
She bestowed a lovely child.

Victory is twenty now,
Victory is tall and fair,
Radiant as a day in spring,
Now she serves as cantinière
In a regiment at the front.
From Belfort to Thionville
In battalion and patrol,
In patrol and escadrille,
In the trenches once again
Rings the spirited refrain:

REFRAIN:
Her name is Victory,
She's the daughter of Madelon,
The password—Victory,
Armies greet her as their own.
She's the mascot of Aviation
She's the idol of the nation:
Victory—
That's the daughter of Madelon!
—Translated from French

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Regimentation of German Thought

By Ernest Newman

From the *Sunday Times*, London

THE war is not likely to bring us musicians many things that are just what the doctor would have ordered. At the moment I can only think of two. The first is the ear-training the sirens will give us in the perception of quarter-tones. On the last occasion when the sirens were heard I found myself, before many minutes were over, easily able to trace out a complete scale of quarter-tones, and already well on the way to a definite fixation of intervals even less than these. Whether it is worth while having air raids, however, merely in order to perfect oneself in a new accomplishment of this kind I am not so sure.

The other benefit the war has conferred on people like myself is to remove from us the burden of reading the German musical magazines, by the simple process of depriving us of the receipt of them. For during the last year or so they had become almost the last word in tedium: one continued to read them out of a sheer sense of professional duty, but it must be confessed that they were very hard going. We had arrived at the point when we could almost forecast the next line that some of them would take.

When these magazines began to show a passionate interest in the native music of some country or other bordering on Germany, we could be fairly sure that it was for reasons not entirely connected with music considered merely as an art. This interest even extended to territories remote from Germany; thus when events had rendered it no longer necessary to make the German public Sudeten-minded, they were regaled with articles by Japanese writers not only on Japanese art in general but on such burning special questions as the correct inscenation of Puccini's *Madame Butterfly*. The sudden stoppage of supplies from Germany has prevented me from discovering whether Russian music has now replaced Japanese as the subject that lies nearest to the heart of the German musical magazine editor.

Both German musical papers and German musical books have latterly been receding more and more beyond the pale of international concern; most of them were already virtually unreadable by the time the present war broke out. The German national interest in Jew-baiting and rhapsodizing about 'the German soul' is apparently inexhaustible, but the rest of the world had got to the point when it turned away from all this with a yawn. The restriction and the monotony of it had become unbearable. How the Germans themselves can stand it year after year is a mystery; but the German mind is something that no other nation can hope to understand. No doubt a few of the writers who shout the party slogans do so from a keen sense on which side their bread is buttered: but the English public will be deluding itself grievously if it imagines that the bulk of these intellectuals do not sincerely believe what they say.

The astounding and depressing thing is the extent to which the minds, not only of the mob but of scholars and thinkers, have fallen victims to the newest doctrines of national self-sufficiency and racial superiority. Book after book appears in which the history of European culture is complacently treated as purely and simply a matter of the history of German culture. Music in particular is claimed as almost a specifically German art; and scholars whose attainments one has always respected are now busy rewriting the twenty-centuries-old history of music in

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terms of 'the German soul.' In several cases what these doctors and professors are saying today cannot be squared with what they were saying before the Nazis came into power; but no doubt they have the common German gift of being able to convince themselves of anything they want to believe.

Only those of us who have kept in touch with the German intellectual world during the last few years know how thoroughly the ideological poison has infiltrated into every layer and every activity of German life, and especially infected the youth of the nation. Optimists may indulge in dreams of a swift cultural turn-about after the war—but they must be incurable optimists to be able to do so. In the Germany of a hundred years ago the restraints on political thought did not extend to imaginative literature: if a German could not say just what he thought about the petty tyrant who ruled him, he could at all events express his sentiments about freedom through the mouth of a dramatic character like William Tell. Such thorough-going suppression of freedom of thought as we have witnessed for some time in Germany is something to which history shows no parallel. It is difficult to believe that minds that have been intensively trained to think along a few rigidly prescribed lines will know what use to make of mental freedom for a considerable time after they have achieved it.

Grandmamma in Fact and Fiction

By Mary Maxse

From the *National Review*, London

WHAT were the women of the Victorian era really like? The question has always puzzled me, for the evidence is so conflicting. A good deal of verbal testimony at first- or second-hand is available, for many elderly people can remember a grandmother whose life encompassed most, if not all, of Victoria's reign; my own grandmother, for instance, was born within a few days of the Queen and died some five months after she had passed away. Even the grandmothers of young people grew up in the later years of the nineteenth century amid Victorian traditions, and many of them are still alive. But in pursuit of my quest I have limited my inquiries to those who could remember an ancestress of the early and mid-Victorian age. The result of researches among all ranks of life is, in nearly every case, that 'Grandmamma'—she was seldom 'Granny' or 'Gangan' then—was a resolute and efficient person who inspired affection and respect mingled with awe. She was candid and downright in her speech; practical and confident in dealing with matters within her sphere. She ruled her house, her servants and her children; she did *not*, in most cases, rule her husband, for she regarded him as head of the family; nevertheless, he seldom interfered with her. Nor were her activities so limited as modern feminist pamphlets would have us suppose. She lived up to a standard of conduct which taught a sense of neighborliness and helpfulness to others, not always to be found now.

No doubt, in those stay-at-home times, her corners were not rubbed off by outside contacts, therefore she was a person of strong individuality and rooted opinions, whatever her condition of life. It is true that chronic invalidism was considered interesting, but the permanently prone were often the most domineering; even Florence Nightingale found that trumpet calls rang out more impressively when sounded from a sofa. Many of us can remember households completely subjugated by a sufferer who, in every sense of the term, 'enjoyed' bad health. Grandmamma seldom sat on committees—she would have thought them a great waste of time—but the country is strewn with the relics of her social and philanthropic efforts.

In physical endurance Grandmamma

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was hardier than her descendants. She brought a 'long family' into the world without the assistance of anæsthetics. In the country, at any rate, tradesmen did not call, so she trudged into the nearest village or town to buy her stores and out again carrying her basket. The vicar and his wife thought nothing of walking ten miles to the county town for a shopping expedition or to spend the night with a friend, and if a neighboring squire asked them to dinner, they went and returned on foot and enjoyed it.

So much for oral tradition, but when we turn to contemporary fiction, we find a very different story. The great mid-Victorian novelists, Dickens, Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, were not writers of romance; they aimed at depicting contemporary life. Yet we search their pages in vain for a Grandmamma. It is said that Dora Spenlow really existed and that she was engaged to Dickens in his youth. When they met again in later life he was deeply disappointed. I do not wonder at it, but whoever met an Agnes Wickham grown old?

Miss Betsy Trotwood, indeed, had shrewdness and common sense, but was apparently content to concentrate her energies on chasing donkeys off the green. Esther Summerson, in *Bleak House*, is a charming character, kind, sensible, natural, strong. Yet Esther's time was divided between drying her darling Ada's silent tears and contending with the vagaries of Lady Dedlock, a wildly improbable woman. I am not criticizing Dickens; his wealth of imagination and simple, stately language are a continual joy to me and I have spent many happy hours in his company. But I have never been able to take his women seriously; perhaps he hardly intended that I should. Rosa Dartle, Mrs. Micawber, Mrs. Nickleby dwell in the memory through certain oddities in their makeup, but there is something of the caricature about them all. Only Miss Mowcher combines eccentricity with a heart of gold, and Peggotty is real flesh and blood.

How about Thackeray? Books such as *Esmond* and the *Virginians* deal with an earlier century, but *Vanity Fair*, though dated in the Regency, was a satire on the society of his day. Is the portrait of Amelia drawn satirically? It would be a relief to me to think so, for as an ideal helpmeet she cuts no great figure. Becky Sharp is a masterpiece, but her likeness to life is but another instance of Thackeray's apparent contempt for women. Or did he only mean to pillory a society which produced Beckys?

The truth is that the Victorian writers were mainly out to preach a gospel, not to draw living portraits. It was a moralizing age, the characters were the highlights put in to bring out the picture. Moreover, as regards women, at any rate, authors were bound by certain conventions. No one who lived in the West End of London or whose name was in the Peerage could be anything but selfish, designing and worldly. Girls must shrink and blush and appear supremely innocent; middle-aged women, if at all efficient, must have compensating faults. Madame Beck in *Villette* is cold-hearted and scheming; I am sure that Mrs. Poyser was an excellent farmer's wife, but it is her tongue, not her housekeeping, that we hear about. Nor is it necessary to be as odious as Mrs. Proudie in order to rule a Bishop. In my childhood I remember a prelate and his family who were known in his diocese as He, She and It. The Bishop was It, though I am bound to say that to his flock he appeared full of decision and fire. His daughter was He, but she was a quietly determined woman who made no mischief. Private charity was commended, but inasmuch as domestic life was woman's sphere she could not do public work without becoming Mrs. Jellaby.

The lesson is perhaps most strongly brought home to us in George Eliot's great novel, *Middlemarch*. George Eliot was an advocate of woman's rights and *Middle-*

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march was written as late as 1871. Dorothea Casaubon sets out to improve the conditions of the poor; in modern jargon she is possessed of a 'social conscience.' Yet she is on the whole unsuccessful; her good intentions and saintly nature stand out, but her efficiency and insight are not apparent. In the end she sinks back into being the happy unquestioning domestic wife. It is Rosamond Vincy who looks out from the pages of *Middlemarch* as terribly alive. We have all known Rosamonds and have witnessed the havoc they wreak. As an illustration of woman's work for the betterment of mankind *Middlemarch* is a confession of defeat.

I have only space to dwell on a few of the Victorian heroines, but I found a live woman where one would least expect to do so—in the Brontë novels. Emily Brontë knew nothing of the outside world; her art is crude, amateurish, violent, but she did know her own countryside and no one can really understand the West Riding of Yorkshire who has not read *Wuthering Heights*. The humble teller of that story is to me the real heroine of the tale. Dour, reserved, 'knowing her place,' not given to endearments, not over-squeamish as to her methods if her object were sound, faithful, loyal, never afraid to face the truth, Nelly Dean is not only a real woman; she is a Yorkshirewoman to the tips of her fingers.

Perhaps, after all, the great Victorian novelists were not so enamored of realism as we are. They did not dwell on gynæcology and sanitation; they wanted to tell a story, and as a story their readers took it in and enjoyed it. So for my opinion of the character and capabilities of Victorian women I for one shall continue to pin my faith on the tradition of Grandmamma.

Buying Books in Wartime

From *Sunday Times*, London

AMONG the many social habits which are being confirmed, renewed, or created by war-time conditions is that of reading. More books are now being sold and circulated from the libraries, municipal and commercial, than before the conflict.

Publishers, who are busy with problems of war-time production, increases in costs, and the trends of book fashions, are preparing full programs of new books which are by no means confined to literature of the type commonly described as 'escapist.' There is a strong belief that the increased public demand for reading matter will manifest itself in an eager search for books that are as informative and entertaining as they are absorbing.

Several newly published books have been in great demand and they include new novels by P. G. Wodehouse, Hugh Walpole, and John Steinbeck. Poetry, which for years has not been a profitable field of publication except in rare instances, is already in considerable vogue, and some modern poets as well as the classics are being freely bought. Many gift copies are purchased for troops going to the front and from addresses in the country orders are arriving for books on behalf of city children who are making new homes there.

The only type of book which at the moment is suffering from a definite eclipse is the political survey of the European field. But publishers do not expect this distaste for contemporary history to last long. A number of books on political subjects is being speedily revised for early publication. Bookstalls and suburban libraries are having an exceptional demand for thrillers.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Crow Sees the Chinese

THE CHINESE ARE LIKE THAT. *By Carl Crow. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1939. 328 pages. $3.00.*

CARL CROW has established himself in his last book *400 Million Customers* as a genial interpreter of Chinese life, distinguished by his tolerant humor and illuminating inconsequences. In this volume he indulges charming informality of manner in short, rambling, anecdotal after-dinner talks on the Chinese people in general and their racial traits. As we Chinese are also interested in knowing how 'others see us,' I opened this volume with considerable interest. Carl Crow is still able to laugh at the Chinese and to know when the Chinese laugh at him. That is the inherent charm of the book.

It was not an easy book to write. It deals with the vexatious questions of Chinese courtesy, accuracy, punctuality, thrift, cleanliness, corruption, superstitions and the general deviousness of Chinese methods. On the whole, the Chinese people come through this intimate revelation with little to be ashamed of, still amusing but convincing and intelligible.

Like after-dinner chats in men's clubs, the book opens a little inconsequentially, but after a while, the short pictures of Chinese life gather momentum and add up to a convincing, intimate portrait of a very real and understandable people. And a few stock notions of the Chinese people are exploded.

That this is no scholarly exposition should be apparent by now, but rather the report of a man who has seen many sides of Chinese life and a good deal of the countryside. Mr. Crow leaves the impression that things can't all be upside down in China. Humor and common sense have given him the key to understanding. He has taken great pains to interpret Chinese superstitions, such as that it is bad luck to feed cats at supper because they would become too lazy to catch mice, or that it is good luck to have many cockroaches in the kitchen because it indicates plenty of lard in the pantry. Carl Crow has brought the Chinese and the American people closer through this book.

—LIN YUTANG

Praise for the Press

NEWSPAPER CRUSADERS. A NEGLECTED STORY. *By Silas Bent. New York: Whittlesey House. 313 pages. $3.00.*

FORMERLY a severe critic of newspapers, Mr. Bent, in his present book, has changed fronts and become a ballyhoo salesman for them. His 'neglected story' concerns the various crusades of the daily press, from the *New York Times*' successful onslaught upon Boss Tweed to the equally successful campaign of the Asheville *Citizen-Times* 'to promote the cultivation of food-stuffs for local consumption and to create markets for them.' He devotes full chapters to the crusades of Pulitzer, Hearst and the elder Scripps, and also gives a brief survey of journalistic activities in Colonial America. He thinks that editors 'have carried on more than once in spite of severe monetary loss and actual personal peril. Neither salesmanship nor exhibitionism, neither partisanship nor malice, can explain all they have done. No economic audit gives a satisfactory explanation. For crusading is a normal, sometimes a routine, activity of the newspaper. Whether it consists in a special emphasis and editorial treatment of run-of-the-mine news or the creation of news, whether it involves meeting issues as they arise or making issues, it is a primary function. . . . Not all the "twelve labors" of [Hercules] . . . measure up in scope and courage to [the newspapers'] achievements.'

This forms the orthodox gospel of most schools of journalism, where Mr. Bent's book will probably find a ready audience. Better informed readers, however, will continue to view such optimism with a critical eye. Mr. Bent has unearthed no new facts—his book, indeed, is little more than an indifferently written review of ancient information—and he has offered no new ideas to make realistic readers change their opinion that most American newspapers are first and foremost business ventures and not public institutions. They have done much good work in exhuming corruption in public office, and their domination by department stores is not as powerful as it used to be, but most of the inhibitions that

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bound them half a century ago bind them today. Recent Federal investigations showed that paper mills, banks, and utility companies still determine many of their policies.

Newspapers still think a few million times before daring to hint that political and religious organizations and not themselves have been behind most campaigns for purity on the stage, screen and in books. The attitude of the press toward those with heterodox political or economic opinions has, on the whole, been reactionary. The record of the American press during the last World War was such that it must make every intelligent person pause in apprehension as to what it will do should this country enter the present World War.

American newspapers are still better than those in England, where rigid libel laws make crusading almost impossible and where money and respectability look down upon it as a form of treason; and they are superior to those in Italy, Germany, and Russia, where the slightest deviation from the government's ordered opinion meets with instantaneous suppression. But our papers still have far to go before they can honestly be called public institutions. The people at large have come to distrust them so much that, in 1936, when some 75 per cent of them approved Landon for President, Mr. Roosevelt was returned to the White House with the largest electoral vote in the nation's history.

When Mr. Bent wrote in criticism of American journalism, he yelled too much and did not always stick to the facts, but he was then closer to the side of the angels than he is now, when he ranks its exploits above those of Hercules. That legendary hero, after all, did slay the hydra. American newspapers have merely taken pot shots at it.

—Charles Angoff

Of Human Heredity

You and Heredity. *By Amram Scheinfeld. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1939. 434 pages. $3.00.*

One of the most difficult writing tasks is effective popularization of a highly technical subject. It requires not only mastery of material, but also talent for simple expression and meticulous preparation. Most popularizations do not meet these requirements.

Mr. Scheinfeld has rung the bell. Here is an amazingly fine piece of work, a satisfactory popularization of all that science knows about human heredity. *You and Heredity* is unquestionably the best exposition of this vital and absorbing subject yet published. The complexities of the problems of heredity have been reduced to simple, understandable language, and at the same time the subject matter remains scientifically accurate and sound. The author's enthusiasm for his work is contagious.

The book explains every phase of heredity. A thousand questions you have always wanted to ask are answered. 'Will it be boy or girl?' 'What will your child look like?' 'How long will you live?' 'How do you know the baby is yours?' 'What about the miracle of the Dionnes?' Mr. Scheinfeld tells all, about these and similar questions. In a day when much nonsense passes for truth, the author's fine chapter on 'Race' destroys many fantastic illusions.

Among the most attractive features of Mr. Scheinfeld's book are the beautifully done illustrations and charts, prepared by the author.

— Louis Leo Snyder

Survey of Far East

Chaos in China. *By Hallett Abend. New York: Ives Washburn. 1938. 313 pages. $3.00.*

Over the Divide. *By Victor A. Yakhontoff. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1939. 301 pages. $3.00.*

These two books on the Far East are complementary. One deals with the Far East in long perspective over a wide range of time and the other is close examination of the two critical war years since 1937.

Mr. Abend's general theme can be read in the title. His description of the Japanese invasion will give Nipponese leaders no comfort. The picture is, indeed, revolting. As a good journalist, Mr. Abend deals in facts rather than generalities and ideas, and the citation of factual evidence on the conduct of the Japanese in their relations both to Chinese and foreigners living in China makes a rather conclusive case.

If Mr. Abend had to sum up in a few words, I think he would say that the Japanese army is stupidly brutal rather than cruelly so. Certainly the invaders have not even advanced toward their objective, which is to reduce China to willing submission. Mr. Abend's estimate of Japan's chance for success in China should prove less than comforting. He predi-

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cates failure on his conviction that the Japanese lack colonizing ability.

General Yakhontoff, author of *Over the Divide*, is a rare figure—a man born into the higher strata of Tsarist Russian society, bred in the traditions of the Imperial army and (in his middle years) won over to sympathy for and allegiance to the disinherited.

General Yakhontoff was a language officer in Japan before the World War and knew Japan when it was still a 'minor' Power both in act and attitude. He knew it again as Russia's military attaché in the middle years of the last World War and still later as a visitor in the Far East, when Japan's emergence was already in full career. What he tells of his life in Japan is interesting, but less interesting than what he writes of the 1914–18 period and the Kerenski revolution. At one stage of the war he was chief of operations of one of the Russian armies, and his book contains valuable marginal notes on World War history—on the reasons for Russia's collapse, for the Russian Revolution, for Russia's tragedy. And there is no little personal drama in his own break with his class and professional caste, first in joining Kerenski as Assistant Minister of War, then in opposing foreign intervention against the Bolsheviks, then in following the Soviet experiment with sympathy.

—Nathaniel Peffer

European Tragedy

The Danube. *By Emil Lengyel. New York: Random House. 1939. 482 pages. $3.75.*

LIKE Imre Madach, who became Hungary's foremost poet by writing *The Tragedy of Man*, a dramatic poem of fifteen scenes, Mr. Lengyel (also a Hungarian and unafraid of vast projects) makes a bid for greatness with a one-volume survey of the Danube, its history, its peoples and its conflicts. The result is a book that is complete and clear as well as entertaining.

To some, the Danube, which has a long and tortuous course through time as well as through space, it must seem to be just a lyrical echo, like the Suwannee river. For them these pages painlessly present the facts which explain why Europe's troubles have repeatedly reached a crisis on the Danube.

It is by no means a coincidence that Chancellor Hitler's drive on Danubian Vienna, which is one of a series of events leading to this war, had a precedent in the ultimatum to Danubian Belgrade which started the first World War in 1914.

As the war progresses and the time comes for a settlement, there will be need to return to this book for significant background material.

Mr. Lengyel concludes with a vision of the future of Southeastern Europe, although he never tries to prove a point, and is carefully objective throughout the book, in spite of having to deal with a region in which racial and political prejudices are virulent. He demonstrates that the mixed populations of this region could live peaceably and prosperously within a Danubian Federation as part of a United States of Europe.

This record of the clash of empires and tangle of nationalities is as much a 'tragedy of man' as was Madach's poetic masterpiece, at the end of which The Lord had only this to say to Adam:—

'Strive on, strive on, and trust!'

—Charles Meister

In the Other Americas

Americas to the South. *By John T. Whitaker. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 300 pages. $2.50.*

New Roads to Riches. *By Edward Tomlinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. 438 pages. $3.75.*

IT WOULD be easy to contrast these two viewpoints, describing Mr. Whitaker's as what we can get from Latin America and Mr. Tomlinson's as what Latin America can offer us; but the comparison would not be more than superficially accurate. *Americas to the South* has a strongly Pan-American bias, and treats in particular those problems—expropriation, European penetration, investments and trade—in which the United States has a vital interest. In these fields Mr. Whitaker, a foreign correspondent who turned from Munich in disgust, has been naturally but perhaps disproportionately impressed by the European influence he found working in Chile, Argentina, and Brazil. While the outbreak of war in Europe has quite altered the nature of this foreign influence, his realistic approach and shrewd observations of the Latin-American scene are refreshing, even though one may not follow him in his advocacy of nationalism to fight nationalism, and a firmer stand by the United States in defense of its interests in Latin America.

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Mr. Tomlinson is cosmopolite rather than internationalist. *New Roads to Riches* is a sentimental journey down the Western coast from Panama to Bolivia *via* Pan-American Airways and the Grace Line. Sixteen years' travel in the 'Other Americas' have impressed the author with their progress in transportation and industrial development, and the unfailing charm of the people and landscape regardless of changing régimes. He believes in 'strong men' for the present, and education for future democracy to the south. The reader may expect from this book neither personal exploits nor comprehensive analyses of Latin America's economic or social problems—Mr. Tomlinson thinks these cannot be solved by radical agitators—but colorful portraits of six Latin-American countries that have treated him well.

—Earle K. James

Giddy Minds and Foreign Quarrels. *By Charles A. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 87 pages. 50 cents.*

A vigorous and fully documented analysis of the 'quixotic and dangerous' foreign policy of the Roosevelt Administration, together with a scorching attack upon the interventionist, big-nation ideas of Walter Lippmann. Written in Dr. Beard's best style, it forms one of the best pamphlets produced in America by the new European war.

How War Came. *By Raymond Gram Swing. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 266 pages. $2.00.*

A collection of Mr. Swing's radio commentaries upon the crisis that led to the outbreak of war on September 3. The book makes strangely unilluminating reading, since it offers nothing that even the cursory newspaper reader does not already know. Further, the prose is a bit oily and Uncle Donish. A sample: 'And then, within a day comes the news of the most sensational happening, I might say, the most disturbing happening, since the World War. It is, you will agree, too early to know what it means, that is, to know it in all its fullness.' Another: 'The white war is over. Now the curtain rises on a new drama, the crimson war of bloodshed.'

Nehru: The Rising Star of India. *By Anup Singh. New York: The John Day Company. 1939. 168 pages. $1.75.*

If you are one of those who have been saying that the British Empire will collapse when India attains her freedom, this book, by Anup Singh, may affect your opinion. It is written by a Harvard graduate who has a keen appreciation of both Nehru and his western attitude, and Ghandi, his antithesis. There is struggle in these pages—the struggle between the ideas of these two men, and the uncompromising struggle of Nehru for Indian freedom.

World in Arms. *By Major R. Ernest Dupuy. Harrisburg: The Military Service Publishing Company. 1939. 103 pages.*

An impressive graphic representation in military geography presenting in condensed form the vital facts about the military strength of every country in the world. The maps, which give the primary routes of invasion, mountains, rivers, boundaries, fortifications, include, in addition, 'bombing-time ranges,' indicating the air vulnerability of each nation's key points. An indispensable reference book for all who want to study the course of the war more closely.

The Torguts. *By W. L. River. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1939. 364 pages. $2.50.*

The story of a tragic migration. Half a million Mongols and five million animals set out in an 18th century midwinter across unknown Asian wastes, harried by savage tribes and the fiercest weather, ill organized and treacherously led. Eight months later, after incredible sufferings, the scarecrow remains of this once mighty horde entered China—as slaves. Told in fictional form by a scholar who draws not only a heroic but a modern political moral.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Mr. Huxley's Dark Vision

After Many a Summer. *By Aldous Huxley. London: Chatto and Windus. 1939.*

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

FROM an ivory and chromium-plated tower in California Mr. Huxley has seen everything that man has made and, behold, it is not very good. So bad is it, indeed, so foolish or so vile are the things to which human beings have put their hand that Mr. Huxley seems to wait for a different species of life to inherit the earth. Like the Lilith of Mr. Shaw's ultimate fancy, he has spared men almost too long. Certainly he has written nothing bleaker or more chilling than *After Many a Summer*, a title borrowed with characteristic irony from Tennyson. Not that this parable is without grace or stimulus; it is far from being dull. All the Huxleyan virtues are here in shining array—the Latin clarity and force of statement, the catholic learning, the encyclopædic familiarity with the arts, the scientific curiosity, the wit and destructive satire—together with a more urgent economy of argument than he has practiced in the past. But there is also the perfected bloom of Huxleyan pessimism, a graveyard aroma of the flesh, an enveloping glory of corruption and decay that induces a shudder and that is all the more oppressive for being translated by Mr. Huxley into a bliss of mystical experience incommunicable even in the symbols of eroticism.

The parable is cunningly constructed. The great empirical fact, as Mr. Huxley puts it, that God is not mocked must wait for a while. First, there is the all but heavenly mansion in the neighborhood of Los Angeles built for Jo Stoyte, who had been a fat boy, who had hungered for approval and success in life, and who had acquired riches. Mr. Stoyte owned, among other things, the most luxurious cemetery on earth, and on the proceeds of death he had filled his more than Gothic castle, which had a skyscraper for donjon, with treasures of art. It contained soda-fountains and replicas of the grotto of Lourdes and the interior of the mosque at Fatehpur Sikri; there were Fra Angelicos and El Grecos, a Vermeer in the elevator and a Winterhalter in the butler's pantry; there was thirteenth-century stained glass in the eleventh-floor w.c.

Mr. Huxley's satire here is not of the difficult kind, but it is raised to spirited heights of fantasy. Jo Stoyte had everything. He was still a fat boy, but on the other hand he was getting on for sixty and did not wish to die. He was mortally afraid, in fact, of dying, terrified by the thought of the extinction of Jo Stoyte.

To him comes Jeremy Pordage, speaking in the accents of Trinity College, Cambridge. Jeremy is middle-aged, a scholar and gentleman, blandly and philosophically bookish—a carefully pickled specimen, Mr. Huxley implies, even while demonstrating his own attachment to it, of a moribund culture. The most vital thing about him, it would seem, is his relish for the classics of pornographic literature. He has come to California in order to catalogue the Hauberk Papers, which Mr. Stoyte has incontinently purchased. And it requires at the very least a scholar and gentleman to cope with them, with Mr. Stoyte and with Mr. Stoyte's household. Its most precious jewel is Baby, otherwise the ravishing Miss Maunciple, for whom the grotto was built, who has been transported from the precarious round of a show-girl's joys to the safe and secure heaven of Uncle Jo's erotic paternalism. Then there is the dapper, glossy-haired Dr. Obispo, Mr. Stoyte's physician in residence, who conducts research into longevity with the aid of mice, carp and a cageful of baboons.

From these elements Mr. Huxley has

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compounded a story as desolatingly dark within as it is brilliantly polished without. His elegant mockery, his cruel aptness of phrase, the revelations and the ingenious surprises he springs on the reader are those of a master craftsman; Mr. Huxley is at the top of his form in this respect. In the cynicism of his view of personal relationships he excels himself; the brutality of his human disgust here is unrelieved. What happens in the end is that Baby is initiated into the darker mysteries of the flesh by the recondite Dr. Obispo, whereupon Uncle Jo sees red and one Pete, the only innocent among them all, pays with his life. For this transvaluation of accepted values of fiction Mr. Huxley offers a terse and stinging sort of apologia. To an adult mind, he says, the contemporary stream of merely descriptive novels is a burden and a weariness. 'All the innumerable, interminable anecdotes and romances and character-studies, but no general theory of anecdotes, no explanatory hypothesis of romance or character.' No coördinating philosophy superior to common sense, only misplaced seriousness. It is a philosophy rising above the philistinism of common sense that he exhibits in this novel.

How does he do it? Of one of his characters it is said that 'the frightfulness of the world had reached a point at which it had become for him merely boring.' If this were all, if St. Augustine's great statement of the problem of evil, for instance, had ceased to interest Mr. Huxley, then it might be sufficient to say of this latest novel of his that it is brilliant and bloodless. But it is not all. There is Mr. William Propter, who was bored by war and famine and the spectacle of misery. There are the baboons and the rejuvenated last Earl of Gonister, the hero of the Hauberk Papers. Mr. Propter has no organic connection with the story, but his skilfully punctuated monologue in the middle is apparently its essential motive and justification, possibly the motive and justification of everything Mr. Huxley has written. For Mr. Propter has come into the haven of God, into direct intuition of non-human reality. His mysticism, or the expression of it, takes highly ratiocinative forms; there are difficulties, as he points out, of vocabulary. But God is not mocked. From the puritanism of the earlier novels, the misanthropical cerebration of *Point Counter-Point*, the disgust of *Brave New World*, the deeper despair of *Eyeless in Gaza*, Huxley has passed to the absolute of mortal vision, which means to him 'liberation from personality, liberation from time and craving, liberation into union with God.'

Well, there it is. Perhaps it is to be expected that Mr. Propter should carry his mystical vision into what he calls strictly human concerns; perhaps the complacency, the sense of unfailing right-mindedness he exudes is natural enough in the circumstances. But what have Dr. Obispo's arts and the sexual behavior of baboons to do with the apprehension of eternity? Mr. Huxley's impulse of faith or religious experience seems to inhabit a human wilderness. The warring of flesh and spirit is both rational and dæmonic in Donne, say, or in Swift. Here they embrace in strange darkness.

[*Aldous Huxley's book will be published in the United States by Harper & Brothers.*]

The Story of Sun Yat-sen

THE STRANGE APOTHEOSIS OF SUN YAT-SEN. *By Sagittarius. London: Heath Cranton. 1939.*

(From *Oriental Affairs*, Shanghai)

THE Sun Yat-sen myth has gained such a hold upon the present generation of Chinese that it is unlikely to be assailed successfully even when, as in the volume before us, we have a documented study of the latter portion of his career, and an authoritative description of the methods employed to canonize him as China's national leader. It is an extraordinary and well-nigh incredible narrative, from which

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emerges a picture very different from that painted by the Kuomintang, of the 'Father of the Chinese Republic.' It seems probable that but for the kidnapping incident in London in 1896, neither the outside world nor the majority of Chinese, would ever have heard of Dr. Sun. He had, it is true, been engaged in unsuccessful revolutionary activities in Hong Kong and Canton for some years previously, but a first class newspaper sensation occurred when it was revealed, by the smuggling of a note out of the Chinese Legation, that he had been kidnapped and detained there, with the intention of shipping him off to China as a lunatic. After Lord Salisbury had secured his release he continued his revolutionary activities, mainly in Japan, since he was debarred admission to British, French, and Netherlands possessions in the Far East. Eventually Japan intimated that his presence was not welcome.

Dr. Sun was in America, and in complete ignorance of what was happening in China, when the First Revolution, after preliminary rumblings in Szechwan, broke out in the Wu-Han Cities on October 10, 1911. When he returned to China at the end of December, of that year, the Revolution was virtually over, barring the shouting, but there was no one among the Republicans who appeared to have general support for the Presidency. Dr. Sun was selected for that post because of his notoriety abroad, and with the understanding that he would relinquish it as soon as the Republic was established. There would, as he and other Chinese politicians well knew, have been no possibility of a Republican Government which included North China, had he retained office. And it was one of the conditions of the establishment of the Republic in March 1912 that he should resign in favor of Yuan Shih-kai.

Following the revolt of Li Lieh-chun in Kiangsi, in June 1913, Dr. Sun broke with Yuan Shih-kai, and from that time onward led a chequered career. In an effort to secure foreign assistance, Dr. Sun, in May 1914 wrote to Count Okuma, the Japanese Premier, virtually offering to agree to a Japanese Protectorate. In return for Japanese aid he proposed that China should 'throw open all the trade centers in the country to Japanese trade and merchants, and enable Japan to monopolize the commercial field in China' and gave assurances that 'by the time China regains her control over the Customs she will enter a commercial alliance with Japan.'

Later, in 1922, it was revealed that he was scheming to form a Chinese-German-Russian Alliance. And from 1923 until the time of his death he was completely under the domination of Moscow. With Comrade Borodin as his political adviser, and Galens (Bluecher) as his military aide, he communized the Kuomintang, and introduced a reign of terror into Canton.

After the massacre of the Merchant Volunteers in Canton, in October 1924, Sun's unpopularity became so intense that he welcomed the opportunity of proceeding to North China, ostensibly to confer with the Peking Military Triumvirate, Tuan Chi-jui, Chang Tso-lin, and Feng Yu-hsiang. Dr. Sun's words and actions on his Northern trip were not those of a normal man. He arrived in Tientsin on December 4, and was taken ill almost immediately. He was taken to Dr. Wellington Koo's residence—which had been commandeered for his use—to die, and during the last few days the conspiracy to Leninize him was pushed forward. The bulletin announcing his death, signed by a German doctor, stated that he had died peacefully at 9.30 on March 12, 1925, after informing his wife 'that he wished to be embalmed and placed in a casket similar to his friend Lenin, and be buried on Tiger Hill, Nanking.' The more extreme of his entourage objected to the use of Christian rites at the services in Peking. The embalmed body, placed in a casket imported from Moscow, was first taken to the

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Western Hills near Peking, but removed later to Nanking, where it was placed in an elaborate mausoleum during a state funeral ceremony.

An amazing phenomenon followed his death. Dr. Sun, who would probably have been torn limb from limb had he landed in Hong Kong or returned to Canton, and who was disliked and distrusted by all of the Northern militarists except Feng Yu-hsiang, with whom he was supposed to be engaged in a conspiracy, attained after death a stature that was never accorded to him while alive. He was virtually canonized as the savior of China, and the rigmarole embodied in his *San Min Chu I* became the Gospel of the Kuomintang, and a compulsory textbook in all schools. Full of xenophobic teachings, and fantastic economic theories, it has had to be studied for several hours a week by every Chinese school boy and school girl, and even College and University students.

The deplorable result has been to raise a whole generation of Chinese upon a mental diet of anti-foreignism. It was Dr. Sun's teachings, as applied by Russian Communist agitators, that resulted in the vicious anti-British agitation 1925–27. And it was the same teachings that were largely responsible for the Sino-Japanese conflict in Manchuria, in 1931–32. Instead of facing the storm, the British Government had bowed before it, and Chinese Nationalists felt little doubt that similar results would be attained by an onslaught upon Japanese interests.

How long will the Sun Yat-sen myth prevail? It has done infinite harm to China's international relations and must continue to do so while the *San Min Chu I* remains the credo and the textbook of the Chinese nation. It is difficult to believe that more than a fraction of China's intelligentsia, who are required to render lip-service to this Gospel, do so without their tongues in their cheeks. It would surely, however, be better to be done with this hypocrisy, once and for all, and furnish China's rising generations with a less poisonous mental diet.

What Ails Mankind?

PAIN, SEX AND TIME: A NEW HYPOTHESIS OF EVOLUTION. *By Gerald Heard. London: Cassell. 1939.*

(Sir Arthur Keith in the *Sunday Times*, London)

HOW greatly do we anthropological physicians differ among ourselves as to the state of our patient—Mankind! There is every reason, so far as I can see, to expect our patient to recover from its present crisis just as completely as on former occasions. Mr. Gerald Heard, on the other hand, takes a most gloomy view of the case; he is convinced that unless a new and heroic line of treatment is adopted, the issue must inevitably prove fatal. Fortunately for Mankind, such treatment is now available. It is the discovery of Mr. Gerald Heard, who devotes the greater part of his latest book to this very matter, confiding to his readers, an account of how he came by his knowledge and the manner in which he proposes to apply the new treatment to his august patient.

Let us turn first to that part of Mr. Heard's book which deals with diagnosis. There is, we learn, no doubt as to the nature of the illness. It is mental; Mankind, at least the European part of it, is suffering from a 'divided' or 'fissured psyche.' We all become familiar with this disorder when, within our minds, 'I ought' begins to wrestle with 'I would.' There is no real peace inside ourselves until 'I ought' wins. Mr. Heard maintains that the case of modern man is aggravated by the fact that the 'I ought' which comes into his field of consciousness can give him no guidance. In brief, modern man is being worried to death because he cannot explain to himself why he is on the earth. As we shall see presently, Mr. Heard can reassure his patient on this point.

We may obtain light on Mr. Heard's treatise if we consider a little more closely

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the case of those who have suffered in these past years from a divided psyche. In the last year or two, millions of our countrymen—and countrywomen—have had attacks of this peculiar form of mental measles. Take the case of an artisan, father of four, happy in his home and in his work; things, he expected, were to remain so for ever so long. His symptoms begin obscurely; events occurred on the Continent which raised doubts in him as to whether our homeland is so absolutely safe as was thought, and as to whether the future of its people was so assured as had been assumed. His divided psyche called to him in two voices—one to think of his home life, the other to think of his country's needs. The mind of our artisan became a wrestling floor. It was not until the 'I ought' of his country had overwhelmed the 'I would' of his home and family that he found mental peace. The moment that happened his psyche was healed; he became at peace with himself.

Now the response of our artisan to his country's need seems to me the most natural thing in the world. He was but doing what his forefathers had done for countless generations. It needs only half an eye to realize that Nature could never have produced better and brainier races of humanity, unless she had at her disposal some means of securing the continuity of her evolving types. The 'I ought' of the artisan was his reponse to Nature's call.

Mr. Heard's explanation of the artisan's response is quite different from mine. He regards the artisan as an escapist; having attempted in vain to answer the question —'Why was I born?'—he has sought 'escape' by plunging into that form of mental disorder which Mr. Heard names 'war neurosis' or 'mass hypnosis.' The artisan has sacrificed his integrity by not pushing on until he could truthfully exclaim, 'I have found the significance of life' and so attained true internal peace. Mr. Heard, as we shall see, did push on and so attained the goal.

Thus we are led to infer that the men and women who respond to their country's need are, in Mr. Heard's opinion, suffering from a form of mental disorder or neurosis. It is somewhat difficult to be patient when such an explanation is offered in the name of science.

Our author is convinced that man has reached the end of his physical evolution; he is now entering the most important and critical stage of all—the 'psychic stage.' Mankind must enter this stage and succeed in it or perish. To enter this stage, man must turn back and regain a power that we moderns have almost lost but which is still preserved among unsophisticated races. We have to cease to be slaves of sense, seek passionately for the 'open vision,' trust to the inward light. Mr. Heard has searched the literature of the ancient world and the practices of the present day for hints to guide him in standardizing his great scheme, and finds the Yogi of India have most to give him and us.

Mr. Heard is under no delusion as to the difficulties which confront those who would follow him, and the arduous years that must be endured by such as would break through the bonds of time, reach 'supra-animal reality' and live on a 'supra-individual plane.' Appetites have to be suppressed, 'the husk and shell of individualism' have to be stripped away; animality wiped out; sustained and solitary meditation must be practiced by the hour and day and attention pressed up to the limit of 'consciousness.' It is thus that his 'Neo-Brahmins' are to achieve 'the good life.'

It is certainly true that if mankind were to adopt this discipline of body and mind the world would be freed of war and brutality. Even Mr. Heard, however, is afraid that, in stripping away so much, little of humanity would be left. For love, with all its romantic delusions, has also to go. One wonders what would be left to live for.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(*Continued*)

the loss of such talent is too high a price to pay for the elimination of our human degeneracy.

There is another side to the same question. Some people of genius have also a degeneracy. But the two characteristics are entirely separate and distinct. Both characteristics may have been inherited from one parent, or one from each parent, grandparent, or great grandparent. If the family tree is traced far enough back there will be found a point where these two characteristics separate, degeneracy being confined to one branch, and genius to the other. If that branch of the family tree carrying the degeneracy had been sterilized far enough back, and in a sufficiently thorough manner, there would have been no degeneracy to mate with genius. EUGENE H. PITTS, M.D.

Sacramento, California

A Beam in Our Eye

SIR: My impressions, derived from reading 'As Nazi Tourists See Us,' are that the writer was somewhat imitating the Nazi himself, only, however, with respect to America. This egoism is almost impossible for the average human being to overcome. It seems to me the real American attitude should be not one of ego, but one of teachability and humility. We should have listened to the criticisms of our enemies for indeed it is from them we get the truth—rather than from our friends or even ourselves who lack the courage to speak the rough truth. To pride ourselves on our superiority is picayune and mean. The Nazis do it, the British do it, most people do it. Let's go beyond this littleness and be big enough to see the good in others and the bad in ourselves. 'What do ye more than they? Do not publicans and sinners the same?'

PAUL BRINKMAN, JR.

Portland, Oregon

Will 'Union Now' Fail?

SIR: Norman Angell, in *The Living Age* for November, writes that 'Union Now,' a 'true' federation of the democracies as against the totalitarian States, is the eventual solution for world peace. Perhaps. The plan of 'Union Now' is certainly superior to the oft-discussed 'United States of Europe' scheme, which was impractical idealism—and pure bosh. The statesmen who conceived that plan must turn their gaze away from the United States of America, which was their ideal model, and look upon the most perfect example of them all—China!

Look at the maps—while Europe is split into dozens of small States, China is divided into equally as many provinces. While each State in Europe, with its president, king, dictator or what-have-you is jealous of its neighbor, so is each Chinese province, with its warlords and venal governors jealous of the next, and all with an eye on Peking, or Nanking or Chungking, or whatever city happens to be the capital at the moment.

Thus, while China has constantly been overrun by civil wars since the fall of the Manchu dynasty, which at least made some pretense at solidifying the country, so would Europe, each State of the 'United States' keeping its language and customs and ever anxious to extend its sway. China is divided among itself by nearly 50 dialects; Europe would be likewise divided, but with the disadvantage that, while Chinese from various provinces cannot *talk* to one another, they at least can communicate through a standardized writing, intelligible from Tibet to Japan. If China, bound at least by the written word, could not make a go of 'unity,' imagine what a mess Europe would be in.

So, if we must solve the problem of Europe, 'Union Now' looks like a better bet than a United States of Europe which soon would be dis-united states, as of yore.

EDWIN BEAN

Morgantown, West Virginia

Unofficial View of Britain

SIR: In his review of Count Pueckler's book *How Strong Is Britain?* in your November issue, Mr. Pratt starts from the assumption that Count Pueckler represents the official point of view. However, Pueckler is a newspaperman—the British Correspondent of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*—and by no means a diplomatic mouthpiece. In point of fact, he has now fallen into disfavor and his book was withdrawn from the German market almost immediately after it appeared. It still seems amazing that the book would be published at all, since the picture of Great Britain which the author paints is altogether too good to give comfort to German officialdom. At any rate, it is misleading to say, that Mr. Pueckler speaks for the official Germany.

ARTHUR BALDWIN

New York, N. Y.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

that the leaflets should have been written by a German who knows the German mentality. [p. 326]

THE author of the fantasy 'Night Before Christmas' [p. 330], Leon Bryce Bloch, is a newspaper and magazine editor, recently with *The New Yorker*. The second story of the month is a de Maupassant-like study dealing with the joys and sorrows of mediocre, yet appealing 'average people.' The author is a young French journalist now at the front. [p. 370]

THE shadow of the Russian bear lies dark on the north of Europe, and anxious eyes are watching Finland, which asserts she is ready to fight for her independence. The first article in the group 'Pity the Weak' deals with the difficulties that an invader would encounter in the country's swamps and forests. [p. 336] The second article, 'Fourth Partition,' follows the line that now divides vanquished Poland into German and Russian domains, and compares it to the 'Curzon Line' drawn in 1920. [p. 338] The last article, 'Exodus from the Baltics,' discusses the compulsory emigration of the Baltic Germans—a new and drastic Nazi method of settling the minorities problem. [p. 340]

SO MUCH has been written of technical advances since the last war that the layman is inclined to think that warfare in 1939 differs greatly from that in 1914. But that is not altogether correct so far as submarine warfare is concerned. A vivid account by Martin Niemöller—Lutheran pastor who is still confined by the Nazis to prison—of his experiences as commander of a U-boat during the World War makes it clear that not much has been changed, to judge by today's headlines. [p. 353]

E. WALLACE MOORE, who writes of the 'New Empire Builders' [p. 359], and the transformation of that country under Japanese control, is an American newspaperman who contributes regularly to the *Japan Advertiser* and other publications in the Orient and on Hawaii. John Ahlers, author of 'Reverberations in the East,' the second article in the Far Eastern group, is a feature writer for the Shanghai *Evening Post and Mercury* and the *China Weekly Review*. [p. 362] Americans living in Shanghai have become conditioned to greater luxuries than they could afford on the same incomes at home. But recently the exchange has fallen to such a point that all standards of living must change. 'Meet the Smiths of Shanghai' gives a picture of that change in process. [p. 365]

THERE are many places 'Off the Beaten Path' where the struggle of the first immigrant settlers for existence is now a saga of the past. But even today in central Australia, where ranchers receive mail and supplies at long intervals, where rain is the greatest miracle, that struggle has never ceased. 'Barren Hope in the Desert' paints this picture. [p. 374] The lamas of Tibet do not worry over which newspaper to read at breakfast. There is but one, and it appears whenever the editor feels inclined to set type. [p. 377]

RAY TUCKER began newspaper work in the idyllic post of editor of a Sunday magazine in a small Connecticut town. He is now Washington correspondent of the McClure newspaper syndicate, the *Brooklyn Eagle* and other newspapers. His comparisons of today's Cabinet officers with those at Washington during the first World War will bring a crumb of comfort to non-interventionists. [p. 380]

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